A POWER COMIC

WANT LAUGHS? WANT EXCITEMENT? YOU WANT...

SMASH!

No. 117
27th APR. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c)

The SWOTS & the BLOTS!

STRAIN! STRAIN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STAND UP TO THOSE NASTY BLOTS — AND THAT'S TO BE AS TOUGH AS THEY ARE! — GASP!

MUNCH! CHOMP! MUNCH! CHOMP!
?

ARGH! BARRY BLOT'S BLINKING WOODWORMS HAVE NOSHED UP MY DUMB-BELLS!
CRACK! CRACK!

SNEAKY SNIGGER!
AIEEE!
CRASH!

WHAT NOW, CECIL? YOUR DUMB-BELLS HAVE HAD IT!
GRR! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!
COOL CALM
BOSS SWOTS

I'LL BUILD UP MY CHEST WITH THIS EXPANDER!
WINK!

APPLES ARE GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH, CECIL — SO YOU CAN HAVE THIS ONE!
TOSS!
!

YOU ROTTER! TAKE IT OUT! I CAN'T KEEP THIS AT FULL STRETCH MUCH LONGER! GASP! —
HEH! HEH! HEH!
STRAIN! STRAIN!

— GASP! I C-CAN'T — — GROOH!!
WHOOSH!

GYM
GRRR! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE AS SOON AS I'VE WASHED THIS ROTTEN APPLE OFF!
BOYS SHOWERS & TOILETS
FUME!
STOMP! STOMP!

ERK! — IT'S THEM!!
BOYS
CRUNCH!
HELLO, CECIL. WE THOUGHT YOU'D BE ALONG HERE —

HAR! HAR! HAR! HAR!
THERE, CECIL — THAT'S WASHED IT OFF FOR YOU!
SPLOSH!
OOF!

GRRR!!
RETREAT, LADS — CECIL'S LOST HIS TEMPER!
MORE OVER THE PAGE

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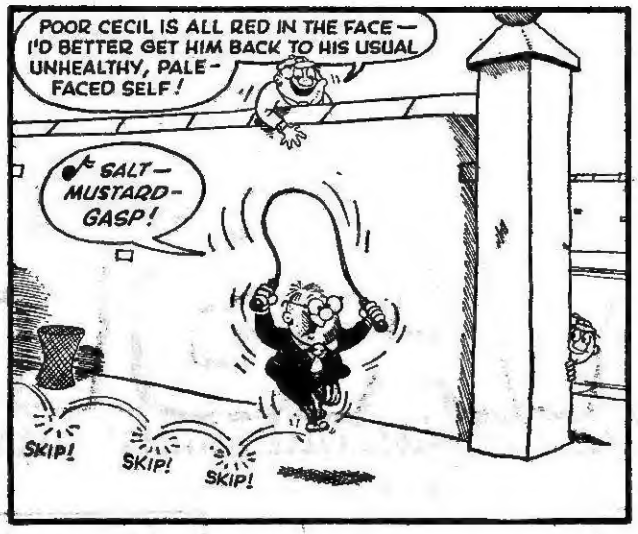

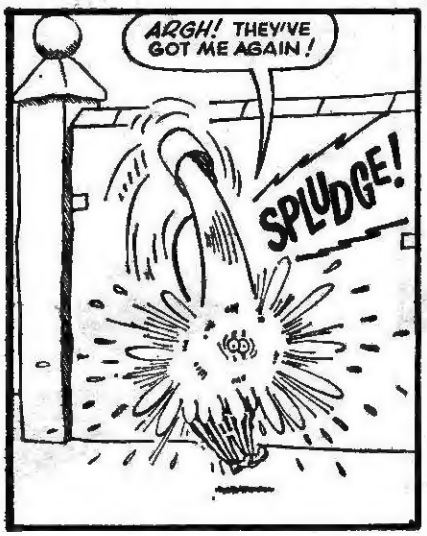

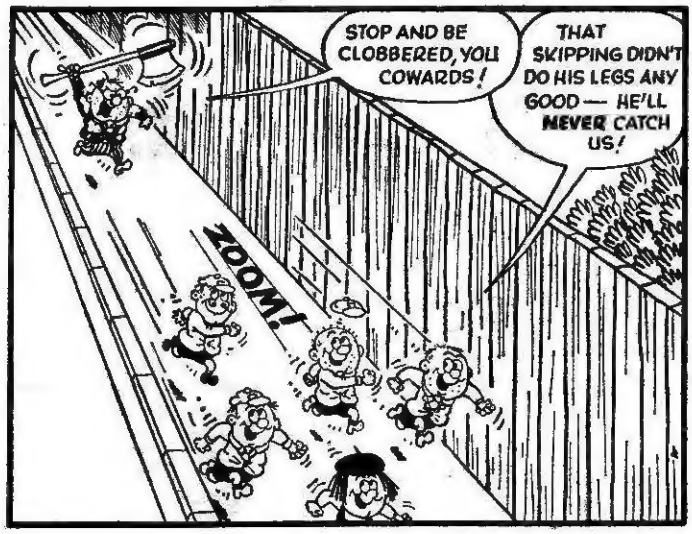

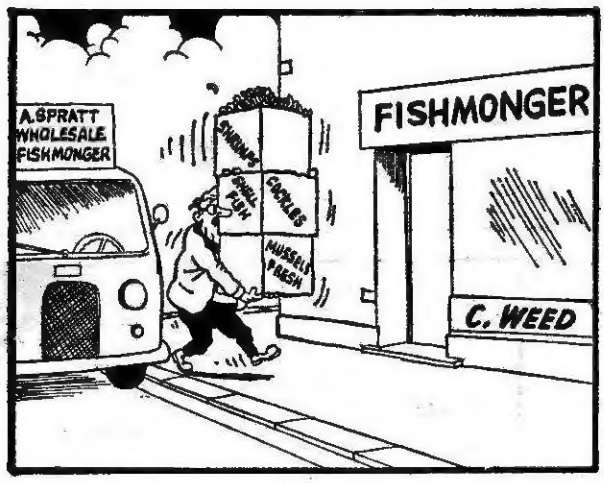

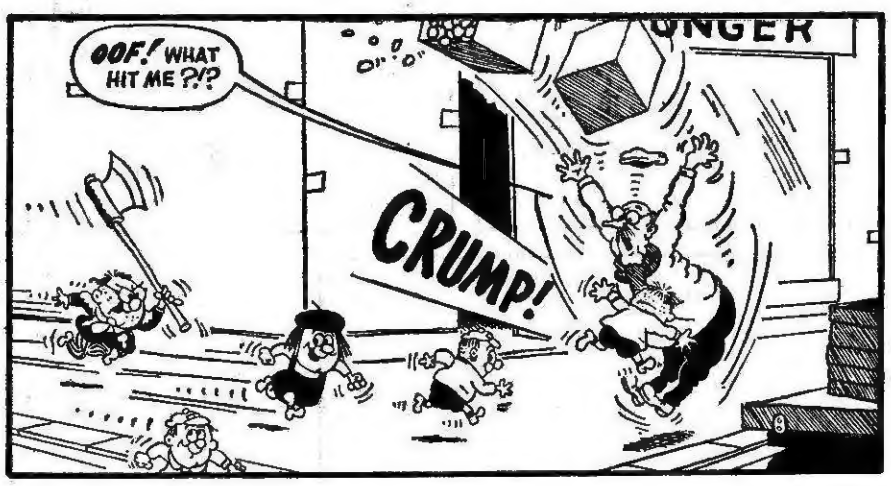

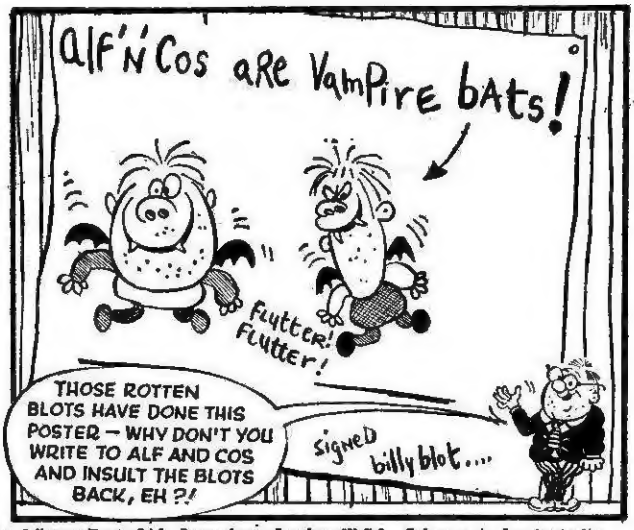

SMASH ! printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Limited, Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Sole agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Subscription Rates : Inland, 12 months 48/-; abroad (including Canada), 12 months 50/-; Dollar Rate for U.S.A. & Canada $6.50. Please send your order to Subscription Dept., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
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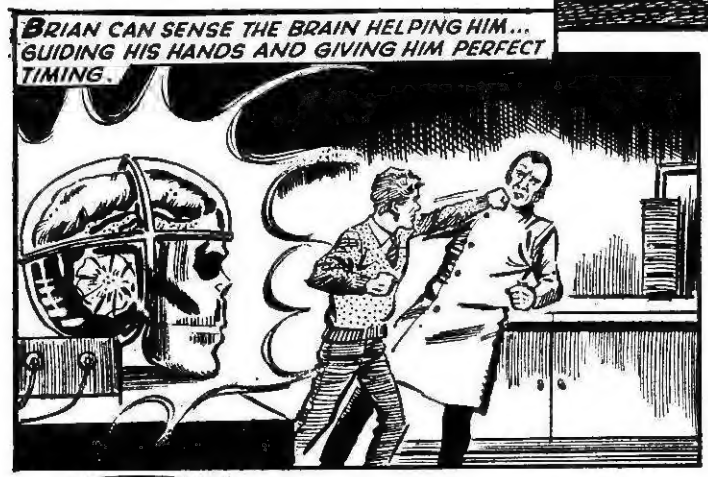
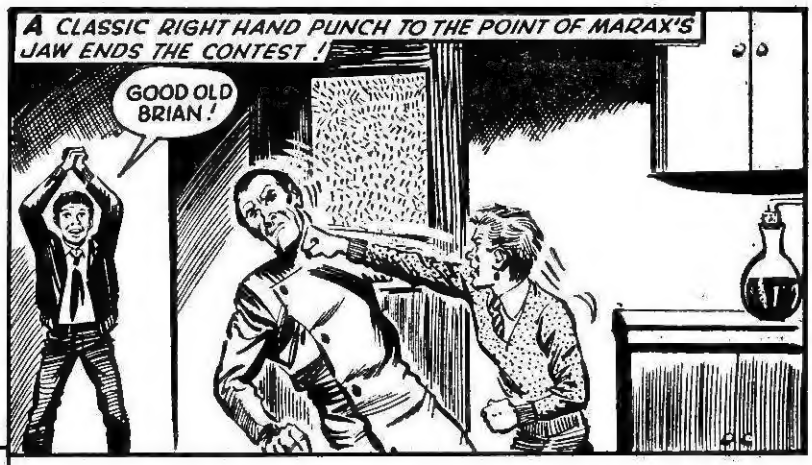
BRIAN'S BRAIN

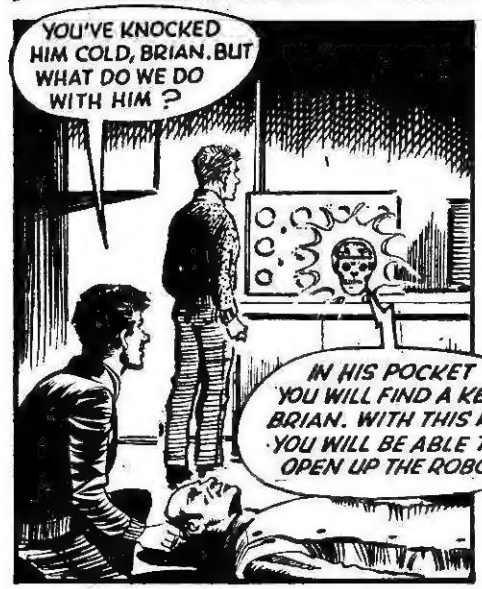
BUT THIS TIME BRIAN DODGES BELOW THE BLOW WITH EXPERT EASE.

WITH MARAX OFF-BALANCE BRIAN RAMS HOME A BLOW OF HIS OWN.
OOOPH!

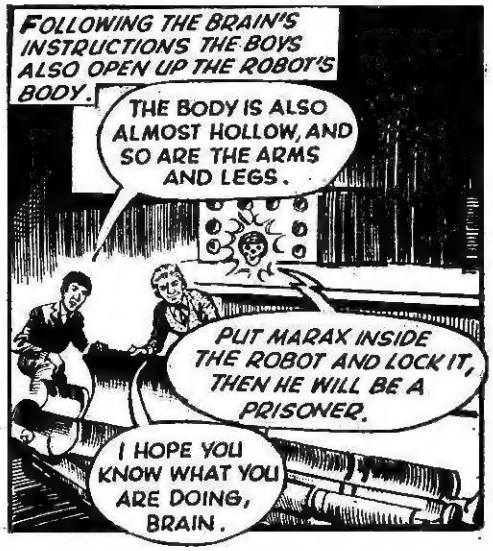
BRIAN FOLLOWS THE PUNCH TO MARAX'S MIDDLE WITH AN UPPERCUT, DELIVERED WITH THE EXPERT TIMING OF A PROFESSIONAL BOXER!
THAT'S THE WAY, BRIAN! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD BOX LIKE THAT!
IT ISN'T ME, IT'S THE BRAIN GUIDING ME!

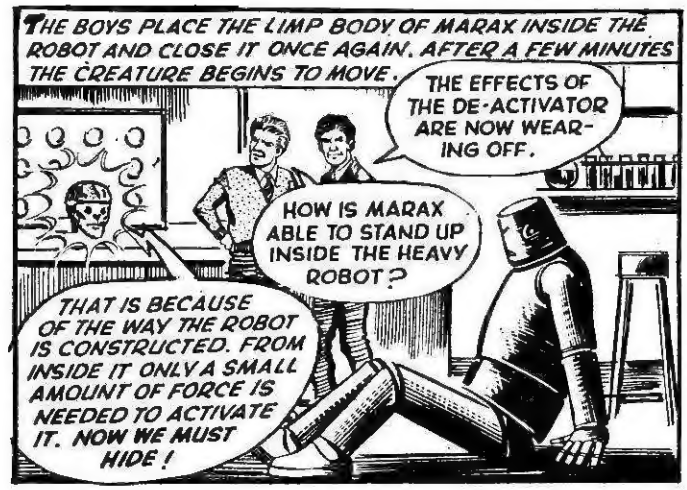

BRIAN CAN SENSE THE BRAIN HELPING HIM... GUIDING HIS HANDS AND GIVING HIM PERFECT TIMING.


A CLASSIC RIGHT HAND PUNCH TO THE POINT OF MARAX'S JAW ENDS THE CONTEST!
GOOD OLD BRIAN!

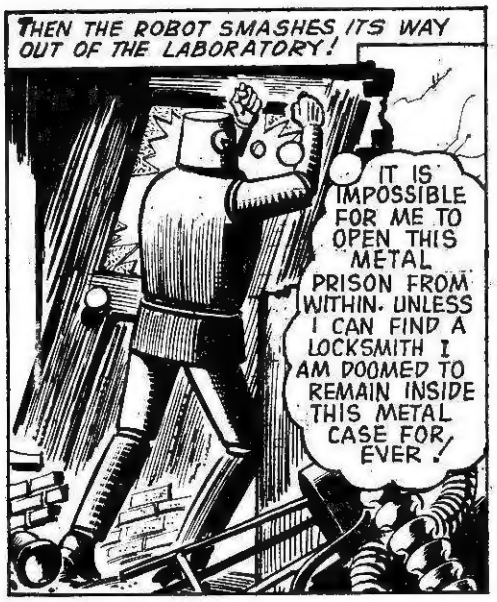

YOU'VE KNOCKED HIM COLD, BRIAN. BUT WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
IN HIS POCKET YOU WILL FIND A KEY, BRIAN. WITH THIS KEY YOU WILL BE ABLE TO OPEN UP THE ROBOT.

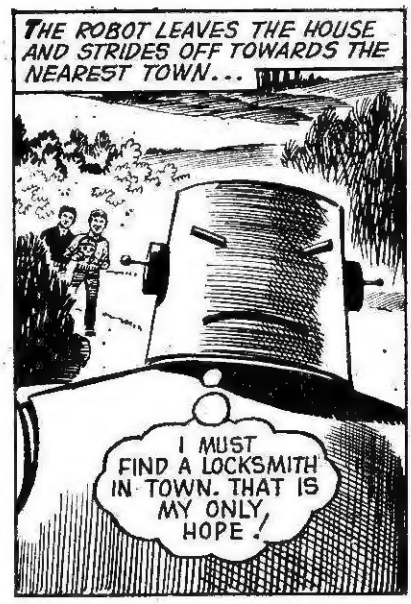
BRIAN FINDS THE KEY AND UNLOCKS THE ROBOT'S HEAD.
IT'S ALMOST HOLLOW INSIDE.
THE SAME KEY WILL ALSO UNLOCK THE ROBOT'S BODY.


FOLLOWING THE BRAIN'S INSTRUCTIONS THE BOYS ALSO OPEN UP THE ROBOT'S BODY.
THE BODY IS ALSO ALMOST HOLLOW, AND SO ARE THE ARMS AND LEGS.
PUT MARAX INSIDE THE ROBOT AND LOCK IT, THEN HE WILL BE A PRISONER.
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING, BRAIN.


THE BOYS PLACE THE LIMP BODY OF MARAX INSIDE THE ROBOT AND CLOSE IT ONCE AGAIN. AFTER A FEW MINUTES THE CREATURE BEGINS TO MOVE.
THE EFFECTS OF THE DE-ACTIVATOR ARE NOW WEARING OFF.
HOW IS MARAX ABLE TO STAND UP INSIDE THE HEAVY ROBOT?
THAT IS BECAUSE OF THE WAY THE ROBOT IS CONSTRUCTED. FROM INSIDE IT ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF FORCE IS NEEDED TO ACTIVATE IT. NOW WE MUST HIDE!

HIDDEN BEHIND A BENCH THE BOYS WATCH THE ROBOT RISE TO ITS FEET. A SUDDEN FURY SEEMS TO GRIP THE GREAT CREATURE.
MARAX HAS REALISED THAT HE IS IMPRISONED. WE MUST REMAIN VERY QUIET.


THEN THE ROBOT SMASHES ITS WAY OUT OF THE LABORATORY!
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO OPEN THIS METAL PRISON FROM WITHIN. UNLESS I CAN FIND A LOCKSMITH I AM DOOMED TO REMAIN INSIDE THIS METAL CASE FOR EVER!

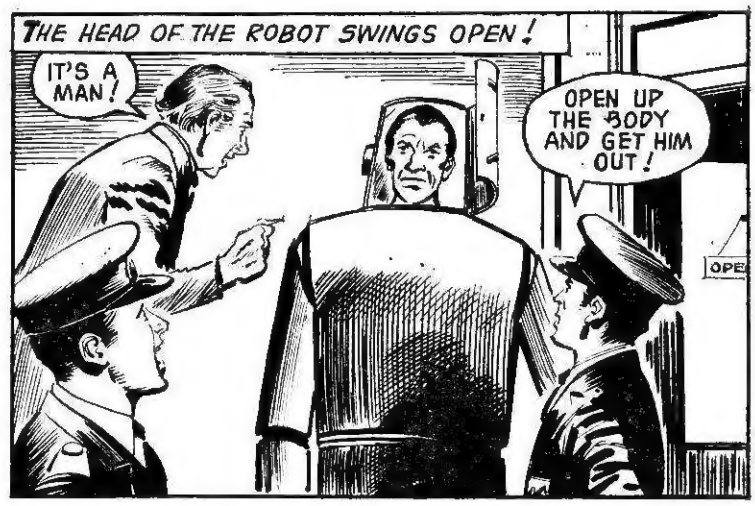

THE ROBOT LEAVES THE HOUSE AND STRIDES OFF TOWARDS THE NEAREST TOWN...
I MUST FIND A LOCKSMITH IN TOWN. THAT IS MY ONLY HOPE!

HEEDLESS OF THE SENSATION HE IS CAUSING, MARAX SEARCHES THE TOWN UNTIL HE FINDS A LOCKSMITH'S SHOP...
HEY! IT'S THAT ROBOT WE'VE BEEN ALERTED TO LOOK OUT FOR!
LOCKSMITHS
IF WE CAN CATCH IT, IT WILL MEAN PROMOTION FOR ALL OF US!
WE'LL NEED TO BE CAREFUL! IT'S DANGEROUS!

THE FOUR POLICEMEN HURL THEMSELVES UPON THE ROBOT!
THAT'S FUNNY, IT'S NOT EVEN TRYING TO FIGHT US!
IT MAY BE A TRICK!
OPEN

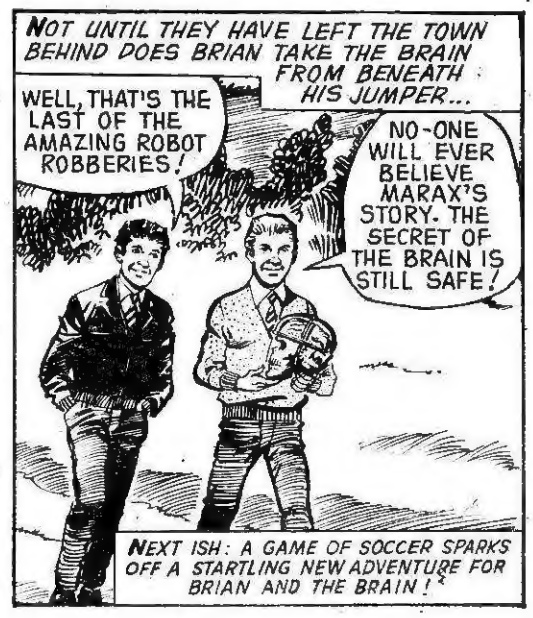
THE ROBOT IS NOT FIGHTING THE POLICE BECAUSE MARAX INSIDE KNOWS THAT HIS ONLY HOPE IS FOR THEM TO AID HIM...
THERE'S SOME SORT OF LOCK ON ITS HEAD!
AND THERE'S ANOTHER ON ITS BODY!
DO YOU THINK YOU COULD OPEN THEM?
OPEN
I COULD TRY!

THE LOCKSMITH FETCHES A LARGE BUNCH OF KEYS AND TRIES THEM ONE BY ONE. AT LAST...
GOT IT!
I WONDER WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND INSIDE?


THE HEAD OF THE ROBOT SWINGS OPEN!
IT'S A MAN!
OPEN UP THE BODY AND GET HIM OUT!

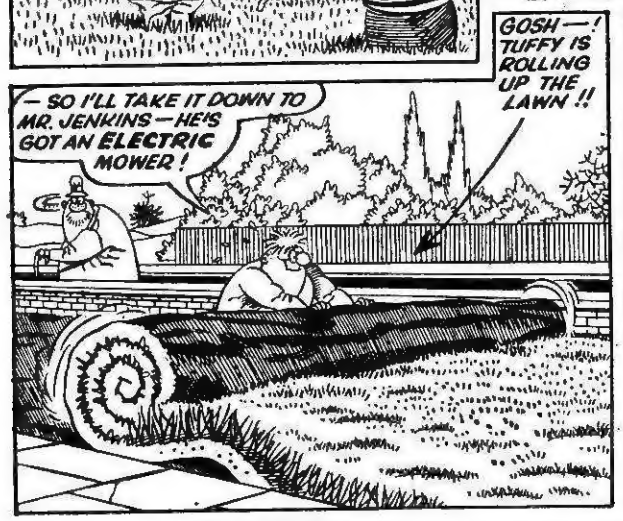
MARAX IS DRAGGED FROM THE ROBOT!
SO THIS IS THE FELLOW WHO HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THE RECENT ROBBERIES!
HE'LL BE GOING TO A SAFE PLACE FOR A LONG TIME!
THOSE BOYS! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY! ONE OF THEM HAS AN ARTIFICIAL BRAIN!

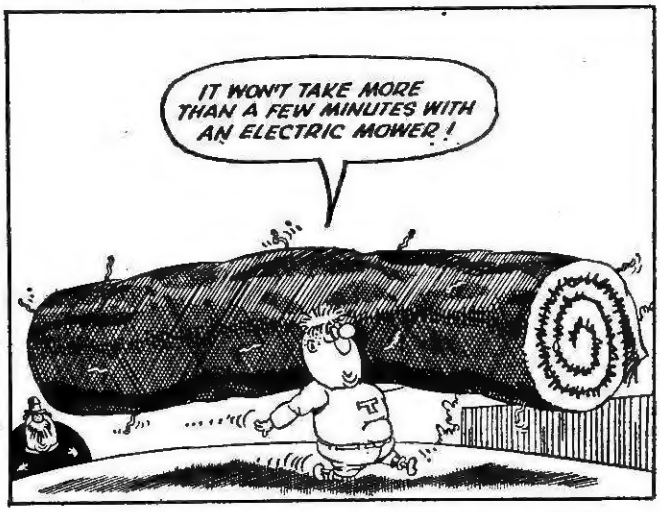
BUT MARAX'S EXCITED CRIES ONLY BRINGS SMILES TO THE FACES OF THE POLICE.
LISTEN TO ME! THEY HAVE AN ARTIFICIAL BRAIN I TELL YOU!
ARTIFICIAL BRAIN! THIS CHAP'S A NUT CASE IF EVER I MET ONE!
THE SOONER HE'S BEHIND BARS THE BETTER FOR EVERYONE!

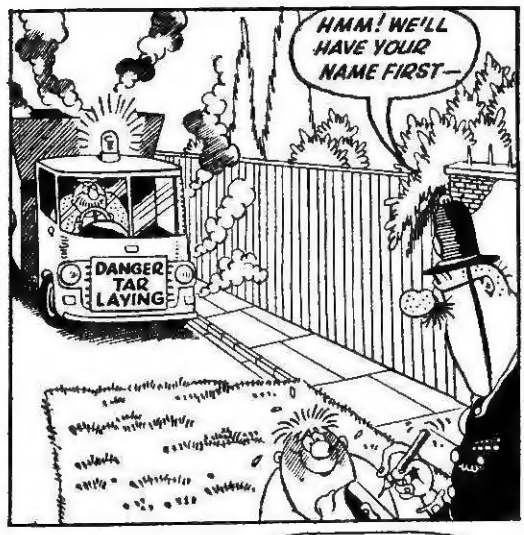

NOT UNTIL THEY HAVE LEFT THE TOWN BEHIND DOES BRIAN TAKE THE BRAIN FROM BENEATH HIS JUMPER...
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE AMAZING ROBOT ROBBERIES!
NO-ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE MARAX'S STORY. THE SECRET OF THE BRAIN IS STILL SAFE!
NEXT ISH: A GAME OF SOCCER SPARKS OFF A STARTLING NEW ADVENTURE FOR BRIAN AND THE BRAIN!

MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW







DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

"THERE SHALL COME A GLADIATOR!"

FOGGY NELSON IS TRYING TO IMPRESS KAREN BY PRETENDING TO BE DAREDEVIL!—SO, OF COURSE, HE NEEDS A COSTUME...

KAREN IS ABOUT 99% CONVINCED THAT I'M REALLY *DAREDEVIL!*

BUT, SHE *STILL* HASN'T SAID SHE'LL *MARRY* ME!

SO I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE HER *100%!* ...AND *THIS* IS THE PLACE TO *DO* IT!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1966

MAYBE I'M A FOOL FOR EVEN *CONSIDERING* A FAR-OUT STUNT LIKE THIS...

BUT, IF IT'LL WIN *KAREN* FOR ME... IT'S WORTH *ANYTHING!*

I HATED TO COME TO A SEEDY, RUN-DOWN STORE LIKE THIS, BUT AT LEAST I CAN BE SURE I WON'T BE *RECOGNIZED* HERE!

WHOEVER RUNS THIS PLACE SURE MAKES GREAT *COSTUMES!*

THE WAX FIGURES ALL LOOK LIKE THE *REAL* THING!

COME TO *THINK* OF IT, WHO *DOES* RUN THIS SHOP? THERE'S NO ONE *HERE!*

HELLO! IS ANYONE AROUND? YOU'VE GOT A *CUSTOMER* HERE! *HELLO..??*

HE'S PROBABLY OUT TO *LUNCH*, OR SOMETHING!

MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL! IT WAS KIND OF A NUTTY IDEA, ANYWAY! I'D BETTER *FORGET* IT...!

WAIT! YOU CALLED ME! WHO *ARE* YOU? WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*

OH! THERE *IS* SOMEONE HERE!

I, EH, WAS INTERESTED IN A *COSTUME!* BUT...IT ISN'T IMPORTANT!

NOT IMPORTANT?? THEN YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE COME *IN* HERE! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE *DISTURBED* ME AT MY WORK!

WHAT A CREEPY-LOOKING CHARACTER! HE HAS THE BLAZING EYES OF A REAL FANATIC! I'D BETTER NOT ANGER HIM!

I CERTAINLY DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB YOU! AND, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT---NOW THAT I'M HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL BUY A COSTUME!

WHAT KIND OF COSTUME DO YOU WANT?

THE ONE RIGHT BEHIND YOU WOULD DO ME FINE!

WHEW! DOESN'T HE EVER CRACK A SMILE?

I DO NOT HAVE A DAREDEVIL COSTUME IN YOUR SIZE!

YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE SOMETHING ELSE!

I CAN'T! IT HAS TO BE DAREDEVIL!

YOU SEE, IT.. IT'S FOR A COSTUME PARTY!

IF IT IS MERELY FOR A PARTY, WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE DAREDEVIL? I HAVE MANY OTHERS THAT WOULD FIT YOU!

I GUESS I MAKE A ROTTEN LIAR! I MIGHT AS WELL TELL HIM THE TRUTH, BEFORE I TRIP MYSELF UP COMPLETELY!

ACTUALLY, I WANT TO IMPRESS A GIRL! SHE'S REAL SWEET ON DAREDEVIL, AND...

AND YOU WANT HER TO THINK THAT YOU ARE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR?

ALL RIGHT! I WILL ALTER THE COSTUME SO THAT IT WILL FIT YOU! BUT, YOU WILL HAVE TO PAY AN EXTRA CHARGE!

IT'LL BE WORTH IT! THIS MEANS A LOT TO ME!

I HOPE I DON'T SOUND TOO MUCH LIKE A REAL NUT TO HIM!

DO NOT MOVE WHILE I TAKE YOUR EXACT MEASUREMENTS!

THEN, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU MAY COME BACK FOR IT TONIGHT--AFTER DARK!

THAT'S FINE! I APPRECIATE THIS! I'LL TRY IT ON AS SOON AS IT'S FINISHED!

AFTER DARK? EVEN THE REAL DAREDEVIL WOULDN'T WANT TO FACE HIM WITH THE LIGHTS OUT!

THEN, SCANT SECONDS AFTER FOGGY NELSON HAS LEFT THE DECREPIT SHOP---

THAK!

COSTUMED SUPER-HEROES! I HATE THEM ALL!

THEY'RE NOTHING BUT OVERRATED, CONCEITED, SWAGGERING BRAGGARTS!

ALL THEIR GLAMOUR.. ALL THEIR APPEAL.. LIES WITHIN THEIR COLOURFUL COSTUMES!

BUT TAKE AWAY THOSE COSTUMES, AND THEY'RE NO BETTER THAN I AM!

FOR YEARS I'VE THOUGHT THAT ANYONE COULD BE A SUPER-HERO ---OR VILLAIN--- IF HE HAD THE RIGHT POWERS BUILT INTO HIS CLOTHES!

NOW..AT LAST..I'M READY TO PROVE MY THEORY!

AND THAT UNSUSPECTING FOOL---IN HIS DAREDEVIL SUIT..WILL BE MY GUINEA PIG!

BUT, IF YOU'RE LIKE MOST OF OUR ROLLICKIN' READERS, YOU LIKE TO GET A GLIMPSE OF THE REAL DAREDEVIL ONCE IN A WHILE--- JUST FOR KICKS! AND SO, WE SWITCH OUR SCENE TO A QUIET APARTMENT ON THE SAME SIDE OF TOWN, WHERE WE FIND THE SIGHTLESS MATT MURDOCK, LOST IN THOUGHT---

I STILL CAN'T DECIDE WHAT TO DO ABOUT FOGGY..!

EVERY CHANCE HE GETS, HE TRIES TO DROP A NEW HINT TO KAREN THAT HE'S ACTUALLY DAREDEVIL!

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT WHAT A DANGEROUS GAME HE'S PLAYING!

HE JUST DOESN'T REALIZE THE DEADLY CHANCE HE'S TAKING!

IF ANY OF MY OLD ENEMIES SHOULD THINK THAT FOGGY IS ME...

---IT WOULD BE HIS FINISH!

AND I'D ALWAYS FEEL I WAS TO BLAME!

JUST CAN'T THINK! I'VE GOT TO CLEAR AWAY THE COBWEBS!

I NEED EXERCISE... ACTION! IT'S TIME TO VISIT MY HIDDEN LOWER-FLOOR GYM..!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE QUIET ATTORNEY IS TRANSFORMED INTO THE DYNAMIC MAN WITHOUT FEAR---UTILIZING EACH OF HIS SUPER-KEEN, SUPER-POWERFUL SENSES---

AH---THIS IS WHAT I NEEDED...

A CHANCE TO MOVE..TO LEAP.. TO BE THE MAN I WANT TO BE..I MUST BE.. ALWAYS!

HOUR AFTER HOUR THE DAZZLING EXERCISE SESSION CONTINUES---UNSEEN BY ANY HUMAN EYES---UNTIL---

I'VE GOT TO GET A HEAVIER BAG! THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME I'VE BROKEN THAT ONE!

BTOK!

WELL, I GUESS THAT WRAPS IT UP FOR TODAY!

A SHORT TIME LATER, HAVING TAKEN THE MORNING OFF, MATT MURDOCK REACHES THE LAW OFFICES OF MELSON AND MURDOCK AT NOON, TO FIND...
MY RADAR SENSE DETECTS KAREN AND FOGGY THROUGH THE WALL...STANDING CLOSE TO EACH OTHER...!
I CAN HEAR HIM ASKING HER OUT TO DINNER TONIGHT!
...AND HER WHISPERED REPLY IS EQUALLY AUDIBLE TO ME...AS SHE SAYS YES!
BUT NOW, I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER TO ACT THE PART OF AN ORDINARY BLIND MAN..
HELLO! IS ANYBODY HERE?
OH, MATT! COME IN! WE WONDERED WHERE YOU WERE!
MATT! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! I ALWAYS WORRY SO WHEN YOU'RE WALKING AROUND TOWN ALONE!
YOU SHOULDN'T WORRY, KAREN! I'M ALWAYS VERY CAREFUL, YOU KNOW...AND I USUALLY WAIT TILL SOMEONE HELPS ME CROSS THE STREET!
AND REMEMBER KAREN...IF MATT EVER DOES GET IN TROUBLE, DAREDEV...I MEAN, I'M ALWAYS HERE TO COME TO HIS AID!
HE'S STILL TRYING TO MAKE HER BELIEVE THAT HE'S DAREDEVIL!
MATT, IF EVER I SEEM TO BE MISSING FOR A FEW DAYS, DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF ABOUT IT. YOU SEE, I HAVE SOME, EH, BUSINESS MATTERS TO TAKE CARE OF WHICH I CAN'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT!
OH, FOGGY...FOGGY! DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE PLAYING WITH FIRE?
NOT ONLY IS HE ENDANGERING HIMSELF, BUT KAREN AS WELL!
AND ME.. BY DRAWING TOO MUCH ATTENTION TO ALL OF US!
HOWEVER, EVENING FINALLY WRAPS THE GREAT CITY IN ITS SHADOWY EMBRACE, AS...BEFORE CALLING FOR KAREN PAGE, FOGGY RETURNS TO THE GLOOMY COSTUME SHOP...
I HOPE MY DAREDEVIL DUDS ARE READY FOR ME!
I'LL FOLD THE COSTUME IN MY DESK DRAWER, AND THEN CASUALLY ASK KAREN TO GET ME SOMETHING FROM THE DESK!
SHE'LL BE SURE TO FIND IT!
THE MORE CONVINCED SHE IS THAT I'M DAREDEVIL, THE MORE GLAMOROUS I'LL SEEM TO HER... AND THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!
I WONDER WHERE MERRY MR. SUNSHINE IS HIDING?
OH, THERE'S A LIGHT ON IN THE BACK--HE MUST NOT HAVE HEARD ME!
THERE HE IS! BUT, HE'S NOT WORKING ON MY COSTUME! HE'S CONCENTRATING AS THOUGH HIS LIFE DEPENDS UPON IT!
WISH I COULD SEE BETTER!
JUST THEN...
YOU!!
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE? HOW MUCH DID YOU SEE??!
TAKE IT EASY THERE! YOU TOLD ME TO COME AFTER DARK, REMEMBER? I'M JUST HERE FOR MY DAREDEVIL SUIT!
WHAT'S HE SO EXCITED ABOUT? HE'S ONLY WORKING ON ANOTHER COSTUME!
EH, FORGIVE ME! I DID NOT MEAN TO SHOUT AT YOU...BUT YOU STARTLED ME!
THAT'S GREAT! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE IT!
YOUR COSTUME IS READY! I WILL SHOW YOU!
BUT, SINCE YOU ARE INTERESTED IN IMPRESSING A LADY, I HAVE A SUGGESTION TO MAKE...
WHY NOT BATTLE A SUPER-VILLAIN IN YOUR DAREDEVIL SUIT...WHILE THE LADY IS WATCHING! THEN REMOVE YOUR MASK, AND SHE WILL NEVER AGAIN DOUBT YOUR IDENTITY!
GOOD IDEA, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...I DON'T MIND LOOKING LIKE DAREDEVIL...BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO FIGHT LIKE HIM!
WHAT CHANCE WOULD I HAVE AGAINST A REAL SUPER-STRONG MENACE?
YOU COULDN'T LOSE IF YOU FOLLOW MY PLAN!
OKAY, I'M HOOKED! WHAT'S THE PITCH?
I HAVE MANY SINISTER VILLAIN SUITS IN MY SHOP! FOR A PRICE, I COULD HIRE SOMEONE TO WEAR ONE, AND PRETEND TO ATTACK YOU!
I GET IT! THE FIGHT WOULD BE A PHONY...JUST STAGED TO IMPRESS KAREN!
WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? IT SOUNDS COMPLETELY FOOLPROOF!
ALL RIGHT!.. I'LL DO IT!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD!
SECONDS LATER...
IS EVERYTHING ALL CLEAR THEN?
DON'T WORRY! SOMEONE WILL BE THERE...TO ATTACK DAREDEVIL!
AND YOU, MY UNSUSPECTING FOOL, WILL GET FAR MORE ACTION THAN YOU HAVE EVER BARGAINED FOR!

THEN, MINUTES AFTER FOGGY HAS RUSHED BACK HOME ...

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT TAKES MORE THAN A *COSTUME* TO MAKE A MAN LOOK LIKE A *SUPER-HERO!*

TOO BAD I DON'T HAVE A BUILD LIKE *MATT!* BUT, ANYWAY--IT'LL BE *DARK* WHEN I HAVE TO GO INTO *ACTION!*

"GO INTO *ACTION*"? HOW *ABOUT* THAT! I'M EVEN BEGINNING TO *SOUND* LIKE A COSTUMED ADVENTURER!

BUT, EVEN AS FOGGY SURVEYS HIMSELF THOUGHTFULLY IN THE MIRROR...

JUDGING BY WHAT I HEARD HIM MUTTERING TO HIMSELF, HE'S ACTUALLY GONE AS FAR AS TO WEAR A *COSTUME* LIKE MINE!

LUCKY I DECIDED TO KEEP CLOSE TABS ON HIM! NO TELLING *WHAT* WILL HAPPEN NEXT!

AND, WHILE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CROUCHES SILENTLY ON THE ROOFTOP ABOVE ...

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M BITING OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW!

BUT, I'M DOING IT FOR *KAREN!* AND A GIRL LIKE *THAT* IS WORTH *ANY* RISK!

WELL, I'D BETTER GET GOING NOW...!

I WONDER IF A HIDDEN COSTUME STARTS TO *ITCH* UNDER A SUIT?

HE'S OFF TO MEET *KAREN!*

I'VE GOT TO GET THERE *FIRST*... AND WAIT FOR HIM!

BUT *HOW?*

WAIT! THAT *WHIRRRRING* SOUND ABOVE ME...

IT'S A *TRAFFIC 'COPTER!* JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

THWIPP

THE WHIRLYBIRD IS HEADING TOWARD KAREN'S NEIGHBOURHOOD WITH ANY LUCK AT ALL, I SHOULD BE THERE IN A MATTER OF *MINUTES!*

DURING THE RIDE, MAYBE I CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO KEEP FOGGY FROM MAKING A *FOOL* OF HIMSELF... A WAY THAT WON'T HURT HIS *PRIDE!*

HEY, CHARLIE! LOOK WHO OUR UNINVITED *PASSENGER* IS! BOY! WON'T *WE* HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL 'EM BACK AT THE HANGAR!

THEN, AS HE EXPECTED, THE CRIMSON ADVENTURER FINDS HIMSELF AT HIS DESTINATION EXACTLY THREE MINUTES LATER!

MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES THAT I'M ABOVE KAREN'S APARTMENT BUILDING... AND THE OBJECT JUST BELOW AND TO MY RIGHT MUST BE A *FLAGPOLE!* SOO...

WITHOUT FLAGPOLES, I'M *ONE* SUPER-HERO WHO'D BE OUT OF BUSINESS!

BELOW, IN THE STREET, I HEAR FOGGY ORDERING HIS CAB DRIVER TO WAIT FOR HIM!

ANOTHER MINUTE AND I'D HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

I HATE TO *SPY* ON FOGGY LIKE THIS, BUT IT'S FOR HIS OWN *GOOD!*

DAREDEVIL HAS MANY ENEMIES... ENEMIES *FOGGY NELSON* COULDN'T COPE WITH, COSTUME OR NO!

KAREN'S FOOTSTEPS! SHE'S ENTERING THE CAB...

HERE I GO *AGAIN!* LOOKS LIKE THIS IS MY DAY FOR *HITCH-HIKING!*

FOOMP!

THUK!

APARTMENTS

BEFORE WE HAVE DINNER, KAREN, I HAVE A, ER, A *BUSINESS CALL* TO MAKE! I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND *WAITING!*

WHY, OF COURSE NOT, FOGGY!

2777-NS

BUT, I CAN'T REMEMBER ANY CLIENTS WE HAVEN'T SEEN AT THE *OFFICE* RECENTLY!

I'M NOT GOING TO SEE A *CLIENT!* IT'S...IT'S *PERSONAL* BUSINESS!

IF THAT PHONY VILLAIN DOESN'T SHOW UP, I'M GOING TO LOOK LIKE AN AWFUL *SAP!*

DID YOU FOLKS HEAR SOMETHIN' ON THE *ROOF?* AW, I GUESS I'M JUST *IMAGININ'* THINGS!

IT'S HARD TO BE SURE OVER THE NOISE OF TRAFFIC, BUT FOGGY'S PULSE SOUNDS TOO *RAPID*... I'M PRETTY SURE HE'S *LYING!*

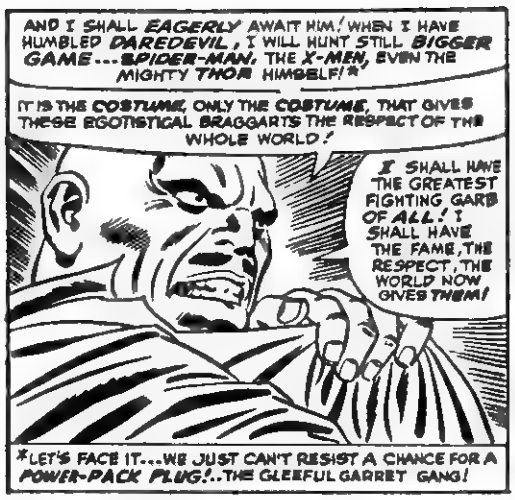
YOU KNOW, KAREN, THAT I HAVE CERTAIN *ACTIVITIES* WHICH I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO *DISCUSS*, EVEN WITH *YOU!*

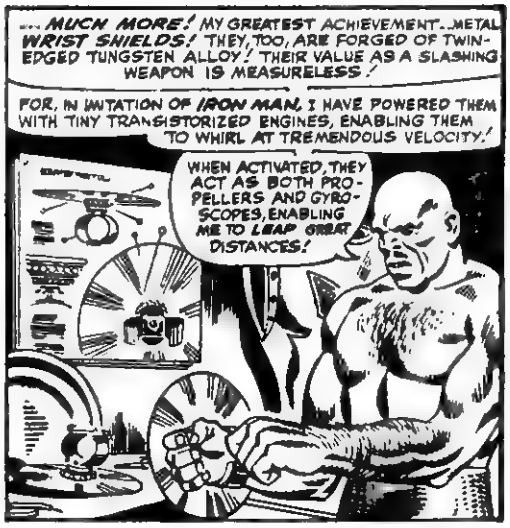
FORGIVE ME! I DIDN'T MEAN TO *PRY*... INTO YOUR *PRIVATE LIFE!*

PATIENCE, FRANTIC ONES! WE'LL GET TO THE *ACTION* SOON... WE PROMISE! BUT FIRST, LET'S LOOK IN ON THAT MUSTY *COSTUME SHOP* ONCE MORE...

A FEW MORE TINY ADJUSTMENTS, AND THEN MY MASTERPIECE SHALL BE *COMPLETE!*

AFTER I DISPOSE OF THAT FOOL *NELSON*, THE *REAL* DAREDEVIL WILL BE FORCED TO SEEK ME OUT!





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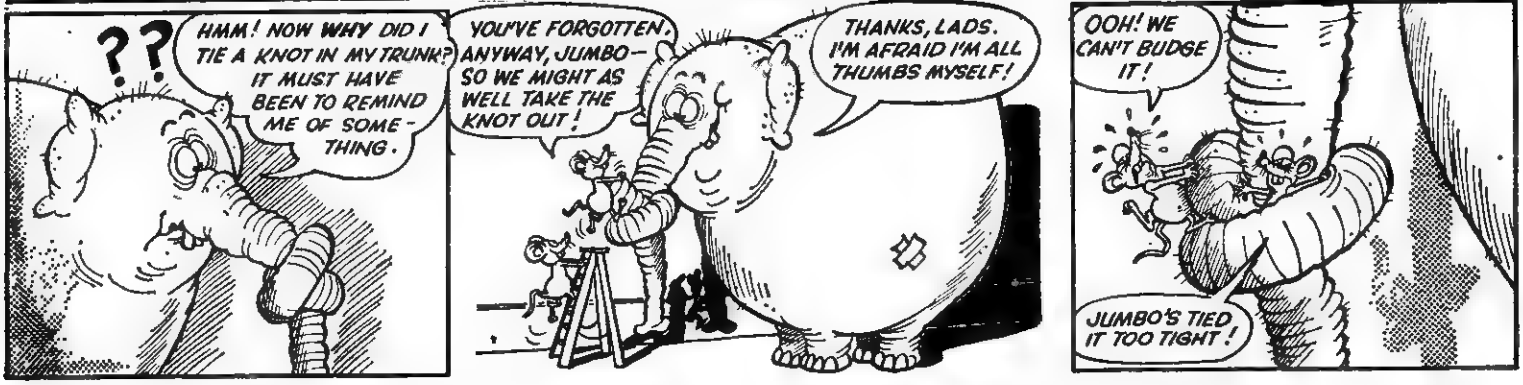
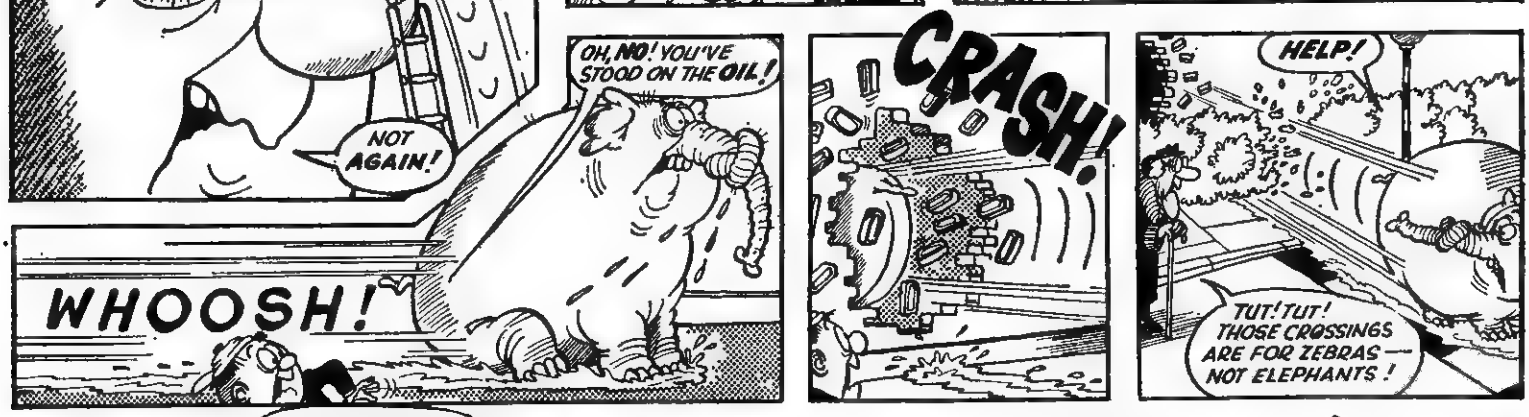
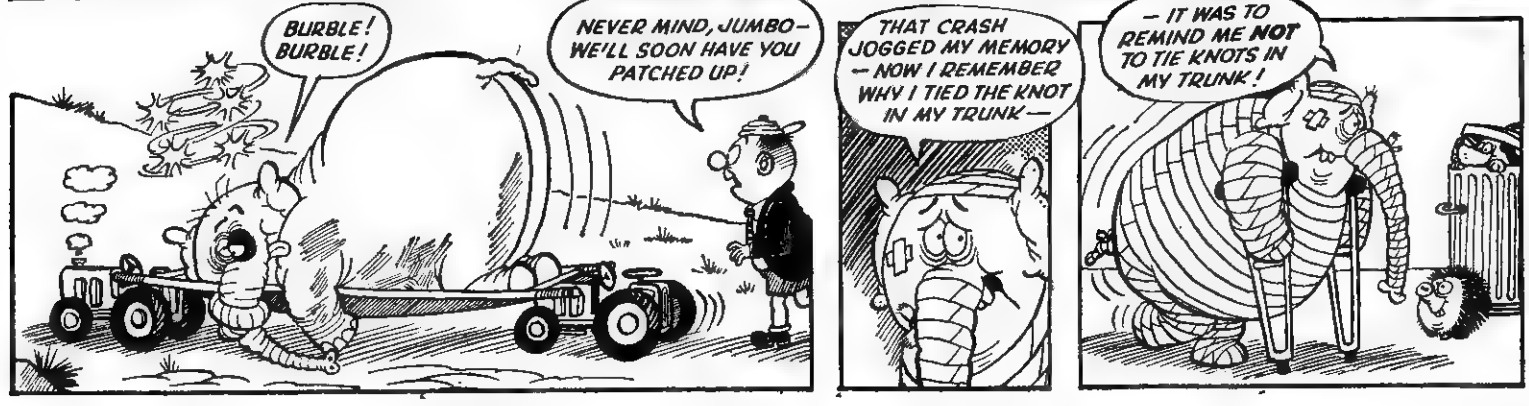

??
HMM! NOW WHY DID I TIE A KNOT IN MY TRUNK? IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO REMIND ME OF SOMETHING.
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN. ANYWAY, JUMBO— SO WE MIGHT AS WELL TAKE THE KNOT OUT!
THANKS, LADS. I'M AFRAID I'M ALL THUMBS MYSELF!
OOH! WE CAN'T BUDGE IT!
JUMBO'S TIED IT TOO TIGHT!

YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP US, PERCY— WE CAN'T GET THE KNOT OUT OF JUMBO'S TRUNK!
THIS OIL SHOULD MAKE THE KNOT SLIP FREE MORE EASILY!
CASTOR OIL
WE'LL LEAVE IT FOR A MINUTE TO SOAK IN, THEN I'LL GET THE KNOT OUT...
SMASHING! I'LL JUST HAVE TIME FOR A GAME OF TIDDLYWINKS WITH SAM SNAKE.
CASTOR OIL
DRIP!
DRIP!


NOT AGAIN!
OH, NO! YOU'VE STOOD ON THE OIL!
WHOOSH!
CRASH!
HELP!
TUT! TUT! THOSE CROSSINGS ARE FOR ZEBRAS— NOT ELEPHANTS!

OH, GOSH! IF I DON'T STOP HIM, HE'LL HAVE HALF THE TOWN IN RUINS!
CRASH!
ARGH! PULL UP, JUMBO— USE YOUR EARS AS AIR BRAKES OR SOMETHING!
COUNCIL RUBBISH TIP NO TIPPING
THERE'S GOING TO BE AN AWFUL CRASH IN A SECOND!
CRASH!


BURBLE! BURBLE!
NEVER MIND, JUMBO— WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU PATCHED UP!
THAT CRASH JOGGED MY MEMORY — NOW I REMEMBER WHY I TIED THE KNOT IN MY TRUNK—
— IT WAS TO REMIND ME NOT TO TIE KNOTS IN MY TRUNK!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

THERE'S A DASH OF A LASS IN SMASH! There's a chance that in flicking through the current ish of COS's most coveted comic (and we DO mean "SMASH") you may have discerned something disarmingly, distinctively different . . . even in a paper which has always been different! In other words, SMASH has partly succumbed to a FEMININE ENFLUENCE! In other words, JOVIAL JANE HOOPELL, up till recent date expertly editorialising POW, has changed cubbyholes and is currently aide-de-camping Cos in producing SMASH. Mind you, don't go looking for frills and female frippery amongst its peerless pages. Shemale she may be, but Jane has already proved there IS a place for a woman in the man's world of BOY'S papers! On POW she became an "ace" at ensuring that SPIDER-MAN, THE FANTASTIC FOUR, DOC MORG and that TWO-FACED JANUS (not to mention battlin' SERGEANT FURY and his boys) look their best (layout-wise) on the printed page.

So face front DAREDEVIL, BATMAN, RUBBERMAN . . . you're going to shape-up even better than before . . . 'cos there's a dash of LASS in . . .

STILL ON THE SUBJECT OF *GIRLS!* . . . (yyyyaaaa aaaa-hhhhooooo!!) quite a goodly number of you frantic ones write in specially to say they approve . . . or DISapprove . . . of the heart searchings of some of our super-heroes. Namely DAREDEVIL'S yen for KAREN PAGE . . . THOR'S likewise for JANE FOSTER . . . GOLIATH's crush (!!) on JANET VAN DYNE ("Wasp" to you fellers) . . . CYCLOPS and MARVEL GIRL . . . REED RICHARDS and SUE STORM . . . HAWKEYE and THE BLACK WIDOW . . . and, of course, SPIDER-MAN who's kind of unsettled over *two* gal-friends, LIZ ALLAN and BETTY BRANT. And there's . . . my gosh, *yes!* . . . when you put it down *on paper* maybe there *are* some folks who DO wonder if we're not running a lonely hearts club fan mag!

But we of the garret are *unrepentant!* SURE, romance blossoms in the Power Pack. Because when real people are around romance always *does* blossom! And REAL PEOPLE is what we pride ourselves on our super-heroes *being!* (and hows *that* for tortured prose!). In a nutshell . . . and with hands on OUR hearts . . . we'd like to go on record as stating . . . darn it, we think the little feller with the kindly arrows ADDS something! . . . that more straightforward action tales are *the worse off* for NOT having!

AND AS WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT GIRLS! . . . *some of us up here in the garret (those with nothing currently* better *to do, that is) have been wondering which of our super-heroes now holds the title of FEMALE FRANTIC ONES' HEART-THROB No. 1! A little while back there was no doubt that battle-battered scowlin' NICK FURY was the local Prince Charming (don't ask us howcome, but that was an ever-lovin'* fact!). *But now that the superlative Sarge is "taking a ten" from War and SHIELD . . . we kind of figure the crown goes to either GOLDILOCKS-THOR or SPIDER-MAN! Mind you, we're not* certain *about this . . . you female fans are the only ones who know for SURE! Only think we DO know is that JUGGERNAUT and J. JONAH JAMESON didn't have* a prayer!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Michael Hardy, Bedford; Jill Butler, Worcester; Tina Ward, West Bromwich, Staffs.; Stephen Pashley, South Wales; Derek Brown, Manchester 9; P. Winterso, Charlottenlund, Denmark; Alex Bain, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk; Michael Scott, Scunthorpe, Lincs.; John Brimley, Portishead, Bristol; Ian Mills, Andover, Hants.; Chris Herbert, Southampton, Hants.; Michael Wheeler, Suffolk; John Bennett, Cheltenham, Glos.; Judith Evans, London, S.E.5; Dominic Norris, Worcester Park, Surrey; Jimmy Smith, Glamorgan; Geoffrey Nicholson, East Grinstead, Sussex; Keith Hopkinson, Nottingham; Carol Evans, Swansea; Raymond McNeil, Stonehaugh, Nr. Wark, Northumberland.

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have wondered what is the point of having people write in to you just so they can receive a pound. Is it because you have nothing to fill in the page with? Please bring back The Hulk and, if at all possible, have some more of The Swots and The Blots.
Brian Gilham,
Spalding, Lincs.

Don't worry, Tiger—we haven't forgotten The Hulk. . . . And, as a S. & B. fan, we know you'll be pleased to see they've been promoted to the FRONT page. Right? Right! Now, where better for us to chat over your letter than right here? And that goes for the rest of you "Editors" out there, too. And, if we want to send you a pound, why stop us being big-hearted?
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think Daredevil is too far fetched for your younger readers. In my opinion Daredevil is no more than a giant-sized Andy Pandy. Compared to the funny Nervs, he is a total disaster.
Julie Burtenshaw,
Worthing, Sussex.

Julie — you'd be surprised! Our younger readers take as livelier interest in 'ol Double-D as you older types. How do we know . . . ? We've got letters to prove it—THOUSANDS of them!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
My story starts on the sad day of February 17th, 1968. I had just bought my copy of SMASH! Hooray! To my surprise it had a free swing-wing glider inside, which I was dying to test. The first flight was marvellous, a straight path right into the bushes. But on the second flight the plane did a somersault and then landed on the roof! Now the awful feeling of despair is coming back! I can't help it! Here it comes! SOB BOO-HOO! WAAAH! SOB!
John Donnelly,
Pendlebury, Lancs.

Weep no more, frantic one. Big hearted Jessie Starke in our correspondence department has somehow managed to find a replacement model—and it is winging its way to you right now!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
SMASH is the best comic by far. I think Ronnie Rich, Daredevil and Bad Penny are fab. I also like the Nervs a great deal, but one thing puzzles me. What is inside them?
Andrew Calver,
Suffolk.

Hmmm . . . the SMASH microscope isn't powerful enough for us to see for sure. . . . But they look awfully like a lot of little FATTIES!
Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
During the summer when apples were cheap Mummy always let me have two or three a day. Then in winter she only let me have one. When I asked her why this was she replied without a smile: "I really think children think that apples grow on TREES!"
Julia Spetch,
Elmwood.

CORE!!!
Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

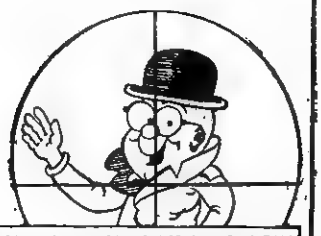
My favourite feature in Smash is .....

My second favourite feature in Smash is .....

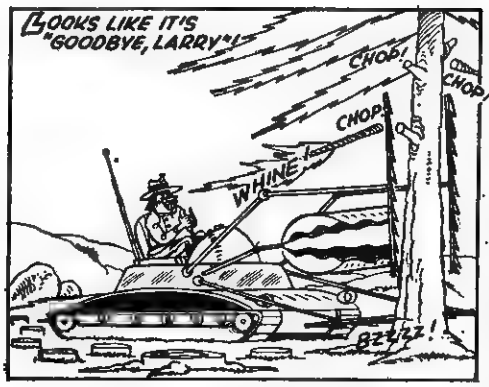
Send the coupon with your letters to: Alf and Cos, SMASH, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

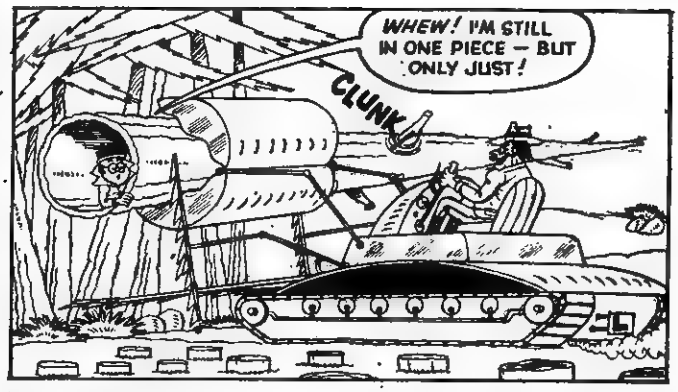
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

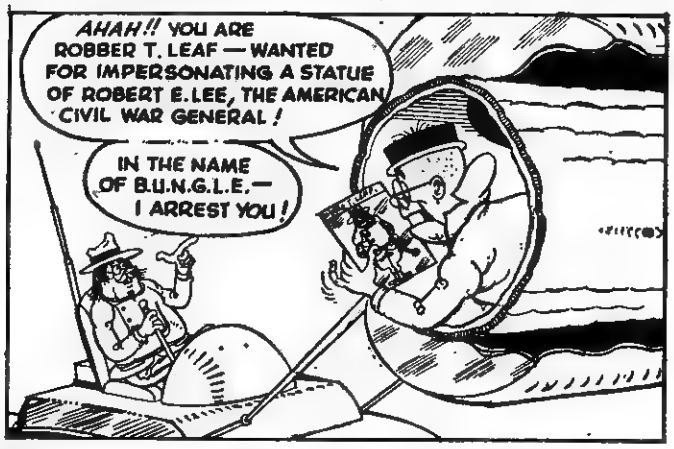
...IN CANADA...

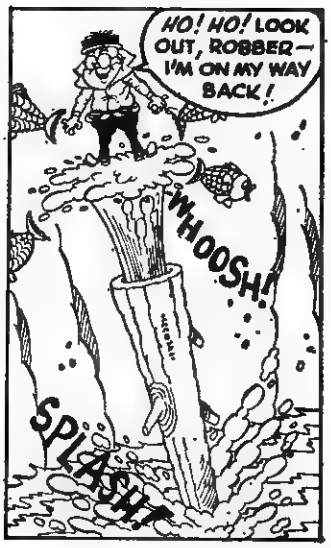


LARRY'S STUCK FAST IN A HOLLOW TREE—WITH A MIGHTY MECHANICAL SAW BUZZING TOWARDS HIM. HOW'S **THAT** FOR A START...?







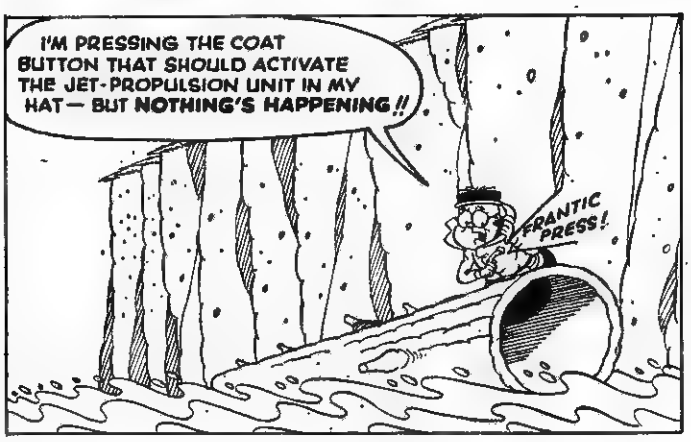


OH, I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT, SHORT AND STOUT — HERE IS MY HANDLE, HERE IS MY SPOUT, WHEN I'M FILLED WITH WATER, HEAR ME SHOUT —

— TIP ME OVER, POUR ME OUT!

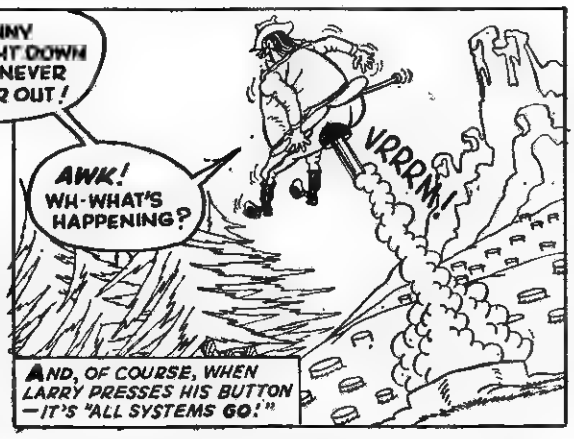
HO! HO! I HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A GOOD LAUGH SINCE GRANNY FELL OFF THE GRANARY ROOF! HEE! HEE! HEE!

MEANWHILE —
HELP! I'M RAPIDLY HEADING FOR RAPIDS! I'D BETTER USE MY LAST-DITCH EMERGENCY ESCAPE DEVICE!

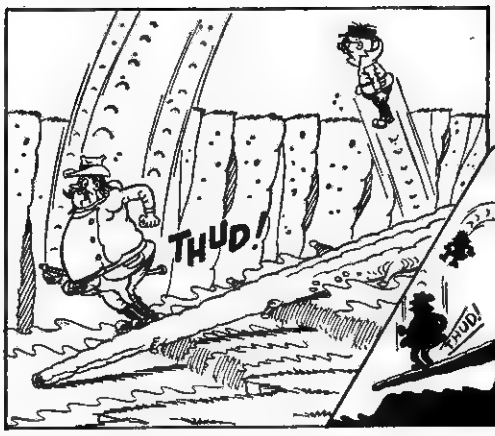

I'M PRESSING THE COAT BUTTON THAT SHOULD ACTIVATE THE JET-PROPULSION UNIT IN MY HAT — BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING!!
FRANTIC PRESS!

NO WONDER — IT'S GONE!!
OF COURSE IT'S GONE — SLICED OFF BY THE TREE-CUTTER! BUT WHERE IS IT NOW?

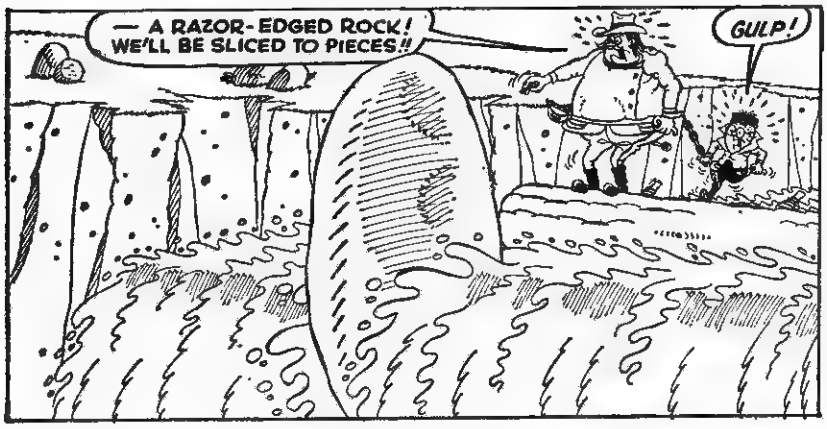
HO! HO! HEE!
THEN GRANNY FELL STRAIGHT DOWN THE WELL... NEVER DID GET HER OUT!
WHERE ELSE?!!


AWK! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
VRRRM!
AND, OF COURSE, WHEN LARRY PRESSES HIS BUTTON — IT'S "ALL SYSTEMS GO!"

AW, NO! IT'S THAT ROTTEN BUNGLER!


THUD!
THUD!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY NOW!
BOMP!
NEITHER WILL YOU, YOU LITTLE TWERP! — LOOK! —


— A RAZOR-EDGED ROCK! WE'LL BE SLICED TO PIECES!!
GULP!

QUICK — THIS WAY!
NO! — THIS WAY!!
LET'S LEAVE IT THERE, SHALL WE — TILL NEXT WEEK?

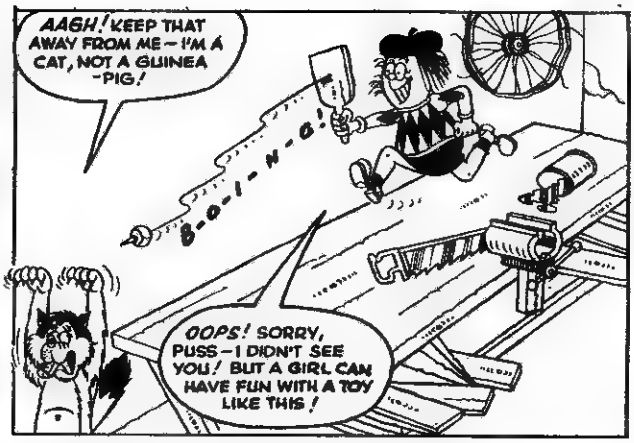
AMMO.

BAD PENNY

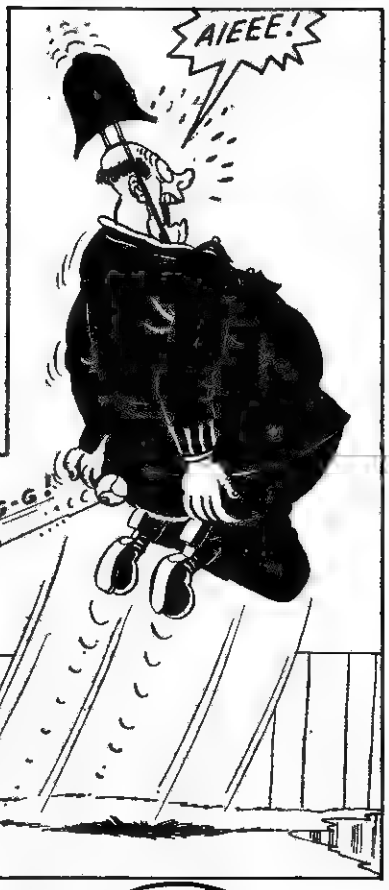
ONE PENNY
1968

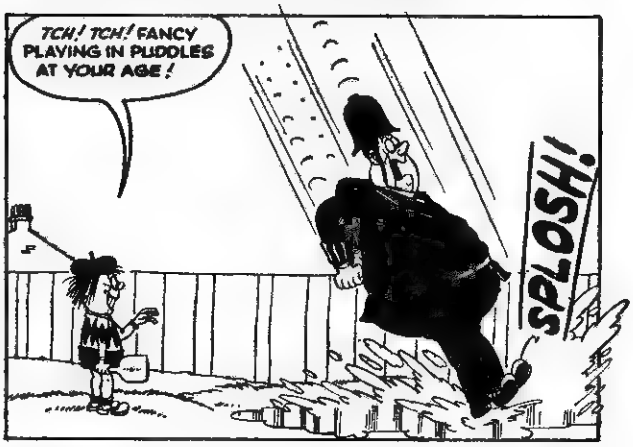
HUH! THIS IS TAME STUFF— WISH SOMEONE WOULD INVENT DECENT TOYS FOR GIRLS LIKE ME!
PIT-A-PAT!

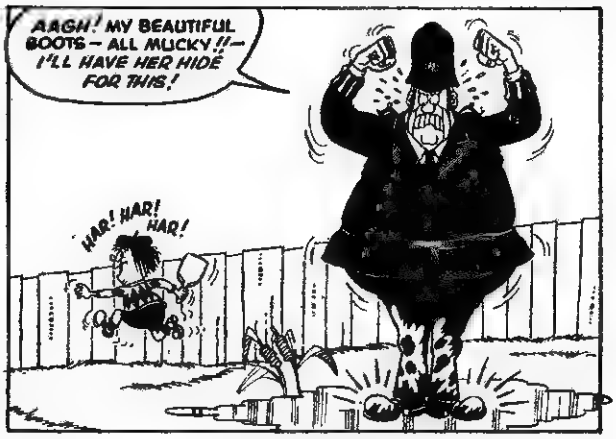
HEH! HEH! I'LL MAKE A FEW IMPROVEMENTS TO THIS BAT AND BALL GAME!


AAGH! KEEP THAT AWAY FROM ME—I'M A CAT, NOT A GUINEA-PIG!
B-O-I-N-G!
OOPS! SORRY, PUSS—I DIDN'T SEE YOU! BUT A GIRL CAN HAVE FUN WITH A TOY LIKE THIS!

TCH! TCH! CAN'T HAVE DUST ON MY BOOTS OR I'LL NEVER WIN THE SMARTEST COP ON THE BEAT AWARD.


AIEEE!
OOPS! SORRY, MISTER CONSTABLE— MY HAND SLIPPED!
BOING-G-G!


TCH! TCH! FANCY PLAYING IN PUDDLES AT YOUR AGE!
SPLOSH!


AAGH! MY BEAUTIFUL BOOTS—ALL MUCKY!!— I'LL HAVE HER HIDE FOR THIS!
HAR! HAR! HAR!

PHEW! IT TOOK ME AN HOUR TO BLOW THIS UP, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT!

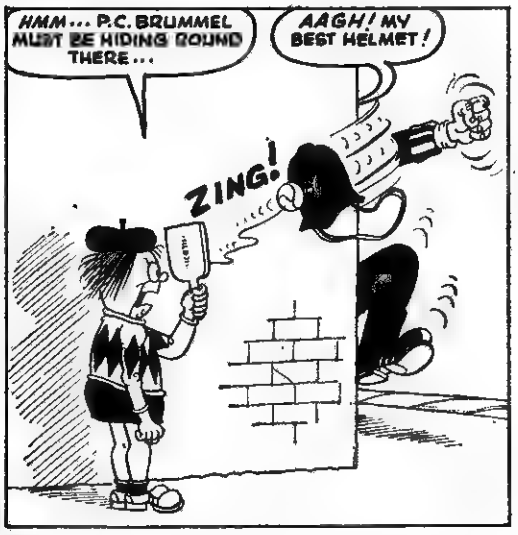
WHIZZZ!
?!

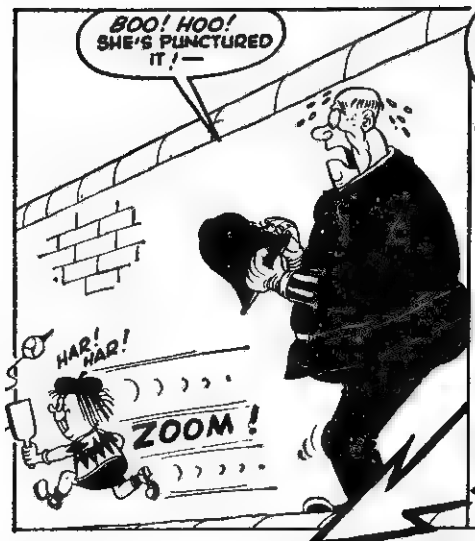
GRR! IT WAS PENNY! SHE BURST MY BALLOON!
BANG!
ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN!

OWEE! MY BONCE!
AAGH!— MY CORNET!
STAB!
AND SO IT GOES ON... AND ON...
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN — IT WAS PENNY!
SLURP!
FAIR'S FAIR — THE GREEDY LITTLE PIG DWEB ME DOZENS OF GOB-STOPPERS!
GRRR! ROTTER!

HERE SHE COMES — I'LL MAKE THE LITTLE MONSTER POLISH MY BOOTS!

??
STAB!


HMM... P.C. BRUMMEL MUST BE HIDING ROUND THERE...
AAGH! MY BEST HELMET!
ZING!

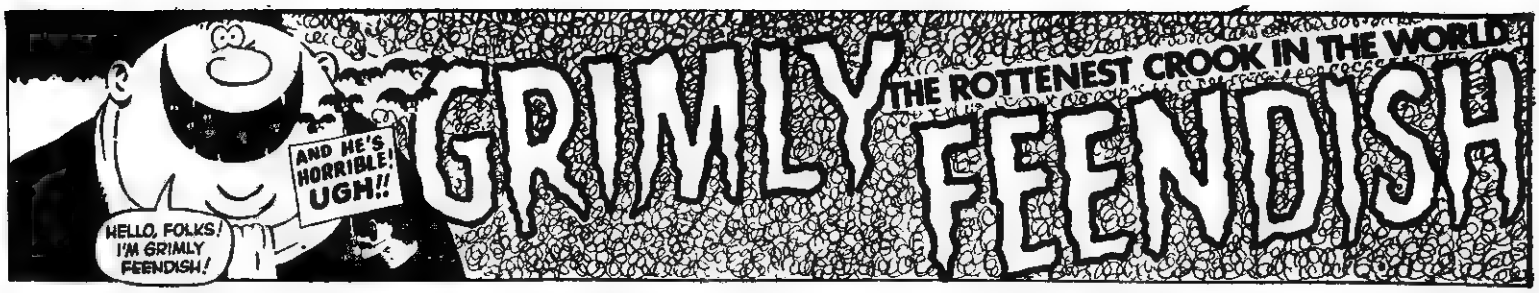

BOO! HOO! SHE'S PUNCTURED IT!—
HAR! HAR!
ZOOM!

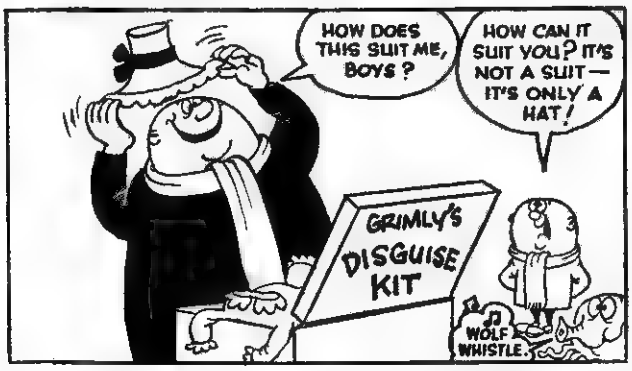
GRRR! I KNOW HOW I CAN STILL GET THE MEDAL FOR THE SMARTEST COP ON THE BEAT — THANKS TO PENNY!

SEE—YOU HAVE TO BE A SMART COP TO THINK UP A BEAT LIKE THIS!
BLOW!
BEAT! BEAT! BEAT!
SMART!
WAAH! CHEATS! OW! COPYCATS!
PENNY SHOULD THINK HERSELF LUCKY HE DIDN'T PUT SPIKES IN THE SLIPPER, TOO!

HERE WE GO! — BOY, OH, BOY — I'M A CRAFTY COP, I AM!

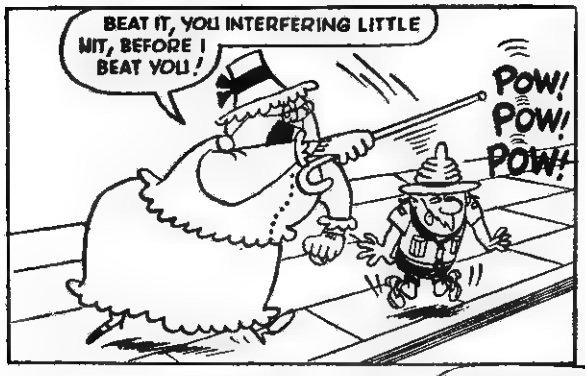
LATER —
YES, YOU ARE DEFINITELY THE SMARTEST COP ON THE BEAT!
PRIDE!!!


THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!

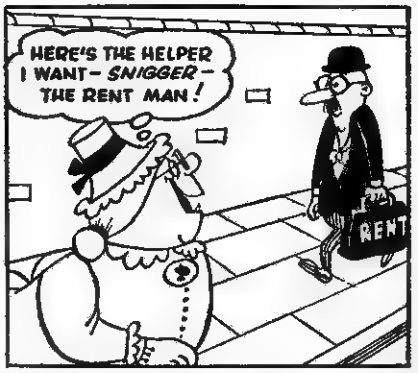

HOW DOES THIS SUIT ME, BOYS?
HOW CAN IT SUIT YOU? IT'S NOT A SUIT — IT'S ONLY A HAT!
GRIMLY'S DISGUISE KIT
WOLF WHISTLE.

RECOGNISE ME NOW, READERS? IN THIS DISGUISE, I'M GOING TO ROB THE RENT MAN!

COME ALONG, LADY — I'LL HELP YOU ACROSS THE ROAD —
??


BEAT IT, YOU INTERFERING LITTLE NIT, BEFORE I BEAT YOU!
POW! POW! POW!

COO! THAT'S WHAT COMES OF TRYIN' TO DO A GOOD DEED!
GURR!


HERE'S THE HELPER I WANT — SNIGGER — THE RENT MAN!
RENT

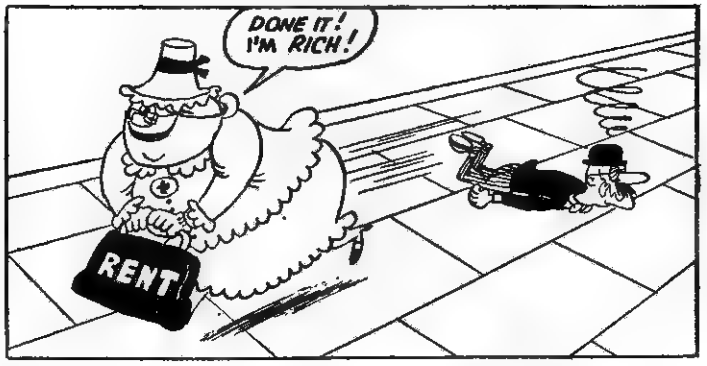
THERE, MADAM — LET ME HELP YOU OVER THIS BUSY ROAD —
RENT

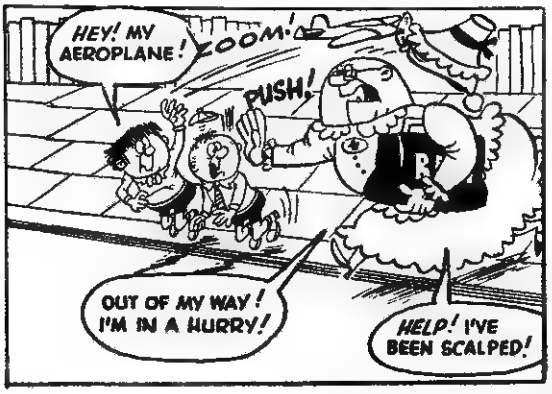
THANK YOU, YOUNG MAN.
RENT

BY HOOK —
WHAT A DEAR OLD LADY —

AND BY CROOK, IT'S IN THE BAG!
RENT
HELP!
TRIP!

CRASH!


DONE IT! I'M RICH!
RENT


HEY! MY AEROPLANE!
ZOOM!
PUSH!
OUT OF MY WAY! I'M IN A HURRY!
HELP! I'VE BEEN SCALPED!

BLAM!
STOP CHILDREN CROSSING
RENT
YOU BALD-HEADED OLD BULLY! TAKE THAT!

THROB!
WHEN IS GRANNY GRIMLY COMING TO VISIT US AGAIN, UNCLE?
BAH!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

MAKE A GHOST

Cut out a postcard in the shape shown on the right and remove all the parts shaded inside. Sketch it out with a pencil first, of course. Now hold this between a plain wall and a strong light and with a bit of practice you will cast the fantastic ghost-like image shown on the left as large or small as you like.

Use Your Loaf!

Can you change the word WHEAT into what it usually makes by changing one letter at a time? Just to make it easy, see if you can do it by filling in the star of each word below with the right letter.

1. WHEAT . . .	2. ★HEAT
3. CHEA★ . . .	4. CHE★P
5. C★EEP . . .	6. CREE★
7. ★REED . . .	8. ? ? ? ? ?

You'll find the answer on the right.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CHALLENGE

Remember you had to fill in the stars with letters to make a word that would read the same whichever way you turned the "wheel"?

You needed only two letters, "L" and "E" to make the word "LEVEL"! Easy, really, wasn't it?

★ STAR CARTOON ★

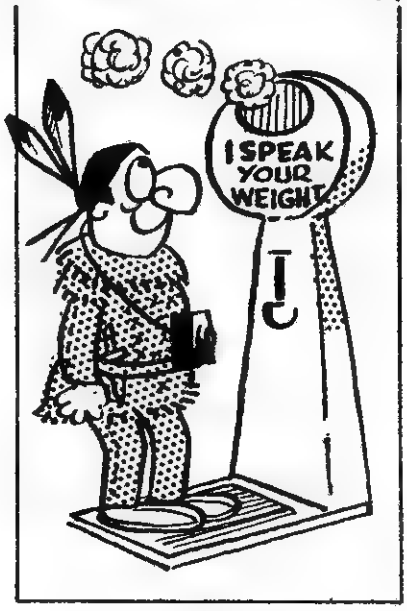


FIGURE FUN

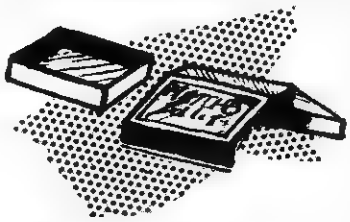
You don't have to be good at sums for this bit of magic—but it helps.

Ask your pal to think of a number . . . double it . . . Then add ten.

Now divide it by two and take away the number he first thought of. When he has secretly done this—you can tell him the answer is FIVE. And you are BOUND to be right, for whatever the number he first thinks of, the answer will always be the same.

CHALLENGE

GET an empty matchbox and take out the tray. Now break open the cover so that it makes a "bridge" wide enough for the tray to pass through. . . . Okay? Next place both the tray and the "bridge" in line a couple of inches apart on a flat table as my drawing shows. Now . . . I challenge you to make the tray pass under the bridge towards you without touching either of them. Go on, try—before I give you the Knowall Know-how next ish.



Do You Know?

Pete is three times as old as Dave. But in four years time he'll be only twice as old. How old is Peter now?

What is the softest nut in the world?

When is a dog not a dog?

What is white and green and white and hops?

Now You Know!

Pete is twelve.
A doughnut.
When it is a boxer.
A frog sandwich.

CHEAT . . . CHEAP . . . CHEEP
. . . CREEP . . . CREED . . . BREED
. . . BREAD.

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

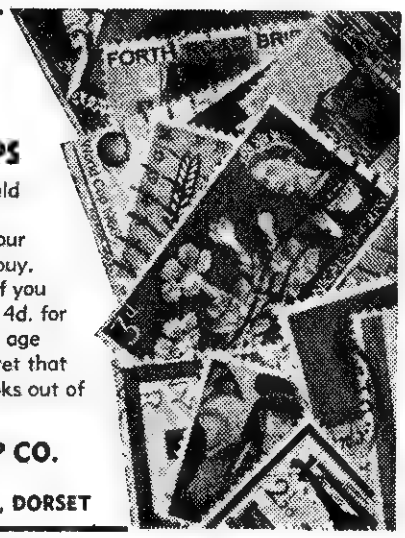
My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,
64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

FREE 20 DIFFERENT GREAT BRITAIN COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

given to new customers who would like to see our approval books. These contain stamps sent for your inspection from which you may buy. You may buy this offer for 3/- if you do not want the approvals. Send 4d. for postage, and if you are of school age please tell your parents. We regret that we cannot send our approval books out of Europe.

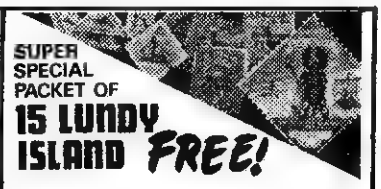
THE WULFRUNA STAMP CO.
(Dept. S.14)
33 TRINITY ST., DORCHESTER, DORSET



100 AUSTRALIAN STAMPS Including CHURCHILL issue FREE!

Fabulous pack of 100 assorted Australian stamps, all on paper and unsorted, as imported direct from Australian charities. The mixture contains old stamps, new stamps, unusual and elusive items, including numerous large size special issues, commemoratives and Christmas stamps. PLUS the famous Sir Winston Churchill mourning stamp now catalogued 1/3d. (Total Catalogue Value is over £1). Sent ABSOLUTELY FREE to all who ask to see our superb Approvals. (Enclose 4d. stamp for postage, and please tell your parents.)

UNIVERSAL STAMP COMPANY
(Dept. SH41), Eastrington, Goole, Yorks



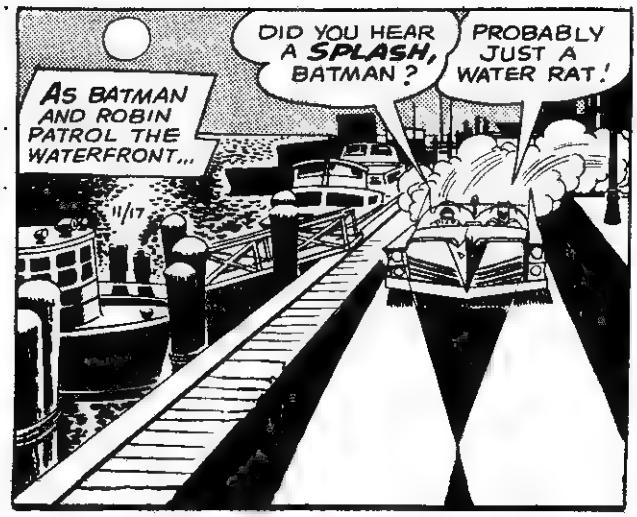
SUPER SPECIAL PACKET OF 15 LUNDY ISLAND FREE!

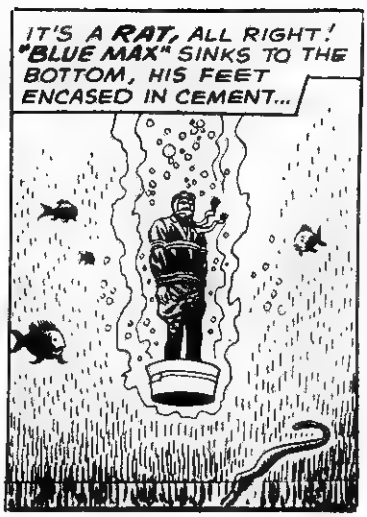
Lundy Island (off England's N. Devon coast) has issued its own private local issues for many years. These stamps must be used on mail posted there. This free packet contains 8 mint TRIANGULAR and DIAMOND "Millenary" commems., Viking Eric Blood-Axe, and complete set of 1953 coronations, Airmail set, etc., 15 unused stamps (face value 3/11½d.), all free. Just ask to see our Approvals. Please inform your parents.

PHILATELIC SERVICES
(Dept. SH5), Eastrington, Goole, Yorks

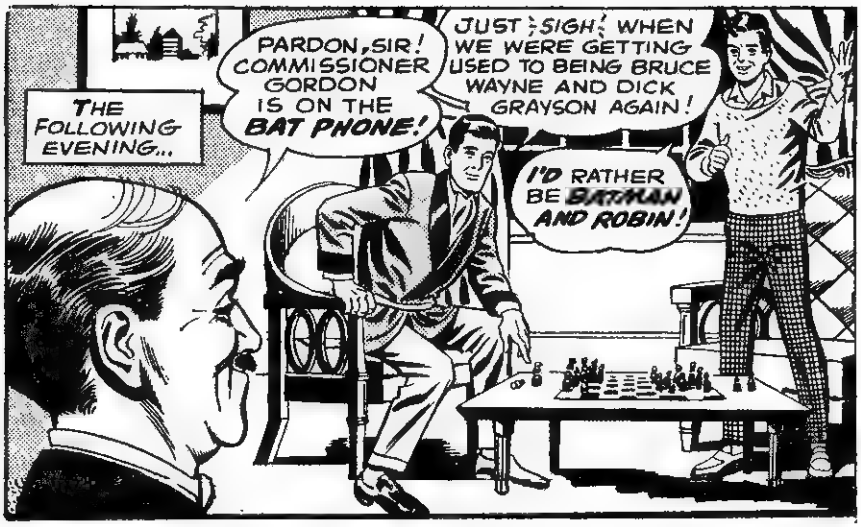
BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder
THE WORLD THINKS "BLUE MAX" IS DEAD— BUT HE IS VERY MUCH ALIVE. AND IN THE CHEAP FLAT OF A CHEAP CROOK CALLED "PRETTY BOY" FLOY...
HOW DO WE GET A RESPECTABLE BILLIONAIRE LIKE TYRONE KOOM TO HELP US KILL BATMAN?!?
VERY SIMPLE, "PRETTY BOY"--
--BUT SINCE YOU'RE A BIT STUPID, I'VE GOT THE WHOLE PLAN WRITTEN OUT FOR YOU AND YOUR BEAUTIFUL TWIN SISTER!
ALL I WANT IS HALF THE UNDERWORLD PAYOFF!
THIS IS THE WHOLE PLAN, HUH?
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc
WHERE IS YOUR BEAUTIFUL TWIN SISTER, "PRETTY BOY"?
OUT. BUT YOU MUST BE PRETTY TIRED, "BLUE MAX"--
PUT YOUR FEET IN THIS NICE HOT WATER AND EPSOM SALTS--
YOU'RE VERY KIND, "PRETTY BOY"...
...STUPID BUT KIND...
STUPID LIKE A FOX!
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN'T GET MY FEET OUT OF THE WATER!
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, "BLUE MAX"--
--THE EPSOM SALTS I PUT IN THE WATER WERE REALLY CEMENT!
LOUIE? IF THE HEARSE AIN'T BOOKED, COULD YOU BRING IT AROUND?
YOU MAD AT THIS GUY, "PRETTY BOY"?
NOT REALLY--
© 1967 National Periodical Publications, Inc
--BUT HE WANTED TO BE MY PARTNER, AND I DON'T NEED A PARTNER!
BERRY BROS. DIGNIFIED FUNERAL
BOB KANE

ANYWAY, EVERYBODY THINKS HE DROWNED A WEEK AGO, SO WHAT'S HE GOT TO LOSE?


AS BATMAN AND ROBIN PATROL THE WATERFRONT...
DID YOU HEAR A SPLASH, BATMAN?
PROBABLY JUST A WATER RAT!


IT'S A RAT, ALL RIGHT! "BLUE MAX" SINKS TO THE BOTTOM, HIS FEET ENCASED IN CEMENT...

MIGHT AS WELL CALL IT A NIGHT!
RIGHT! WE'RE ENTITLED TO A LITTLE LIFE AS BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON!


THE FOLLOWING EVENING...
PARDON, SIR! COMMISSIONER GORDON IS ON THE BAT PHONE!
JUST SIGH! WHEN WE WERE GETTING USED TO BEING BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON AGAIN!
I'D RATHER BE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

...SO YOU SEE, BATMAN, YOU MUST GET TO TYRONE KOOM-- NO MATTER WHAT!

THE LUXURIOUS LIVING-WORKING QUARTERS OF BILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TYRONE KOOM...
--BUT A DOZEN IMPORTANT MATTERS REQUIRE YOUR IMMEDIATE DECISIONS, SIR!
SINCE THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND AND PERSONAL ASTROLOGER, MRS. STARLITE, I'M UNABLE TO MAKE ANY DECISIONS...

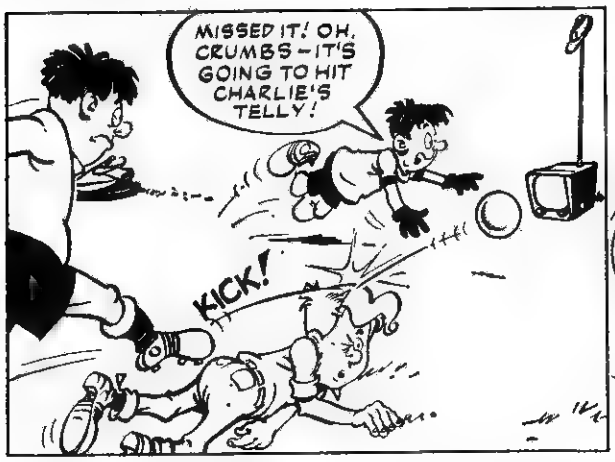
...AND I'M HAUNTED BY A SENSE OF IMPENDING DOOM!

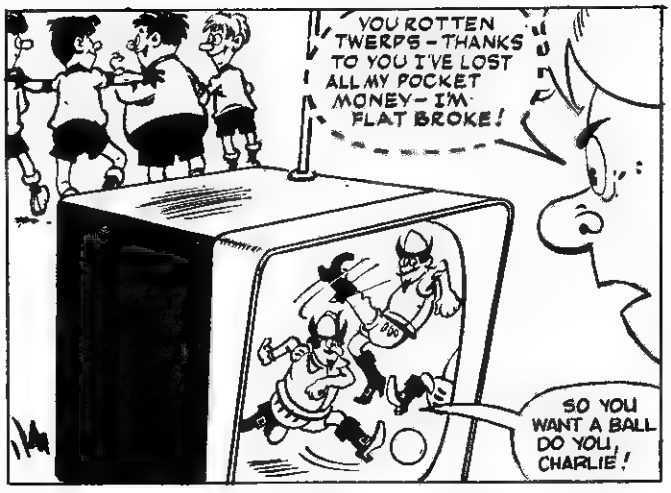
WITHOUT MRS. STARLITE AND THE STARS TO GUIDE ME, MY EMPIRE WILL CRASH!

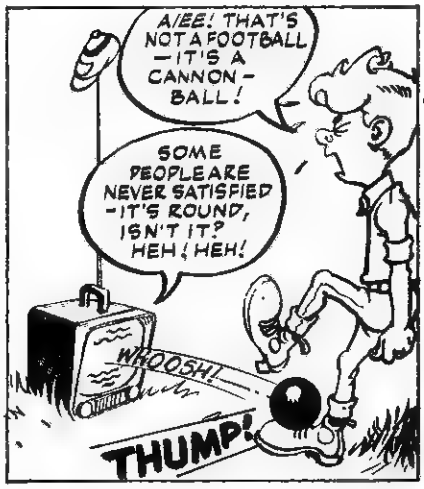
EVERY ENTRANCE TO THE KOOM BUILDING IS GUARDED!
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY IN!
KOOM
NEXT ISH: A HORRORSCOPE FOR KOOM!

Charlie's Choice

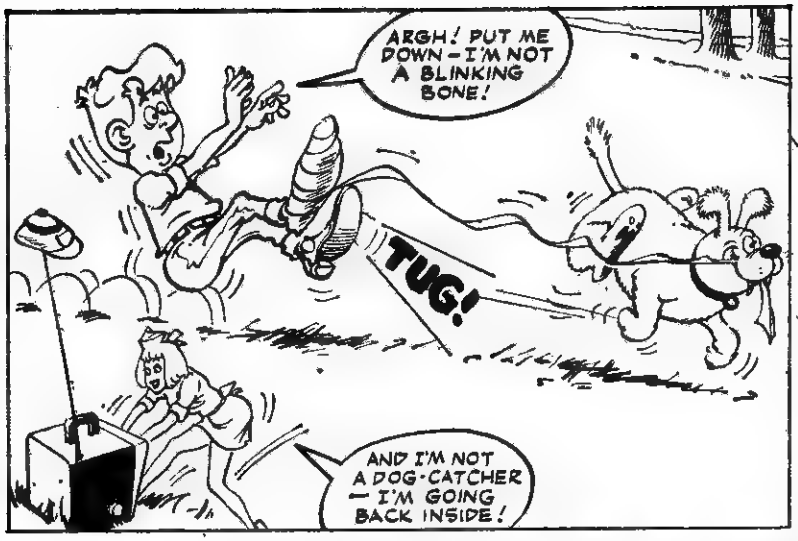
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE!



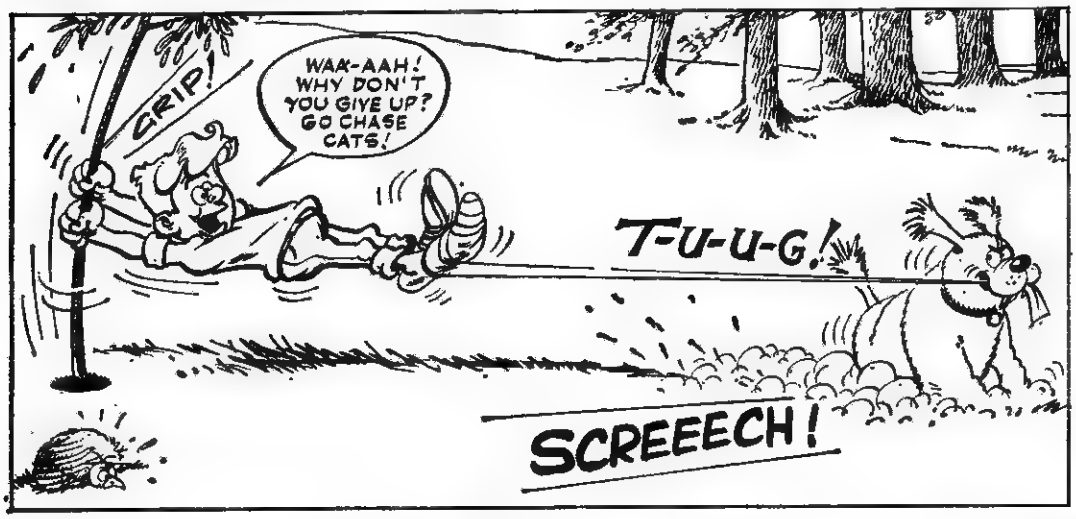




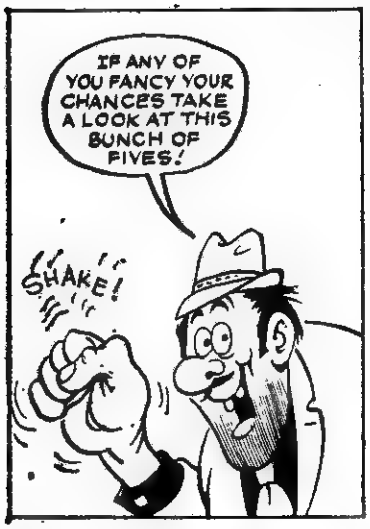
HEY! LEAVE THAT ALONE, HOUND — SCAT- GO ON! SCAT!
PULL!

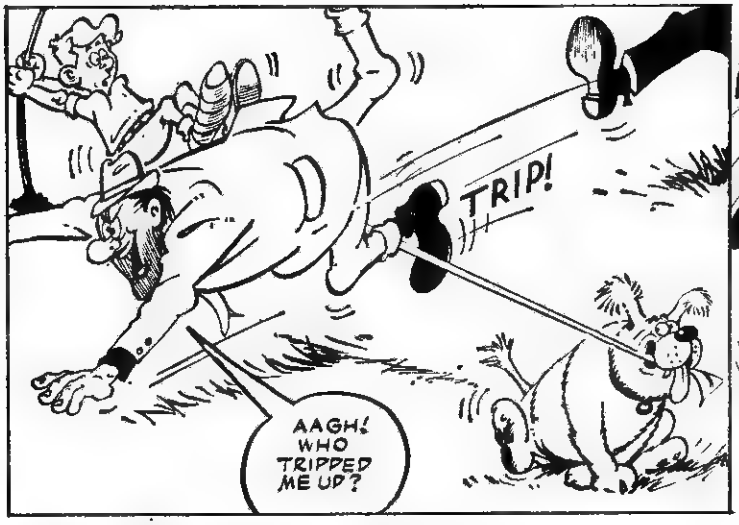

ARGH! PUT ME DOWN – I'M NOT A BLINKING BONE!
TUG!
AND I'M NOT A DOG-CATCHER — I'M GOING BACK INSIDE!

GRAB!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS CAPER OR I'LL BE BLACK AND BLUE ALL OVER!


GRIP!
WAA-AAH! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP? GO CHASE CATS!
T-U-U-G!
SCREEECH!

MEANWHILE...
STOP, THIEF! STOP, THIEF!
HEH! HEH! IF ANY ONE TRIES TO STOP ME, I'LL BASH HIM!


IF ANY OF YOU FANCY YOUR CHANCES TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BUNCH OF FIVES!
SHAKE!


TRIP!
AAGH! WHO TRIPPED ME UP?

WHOOSH!!
THUD

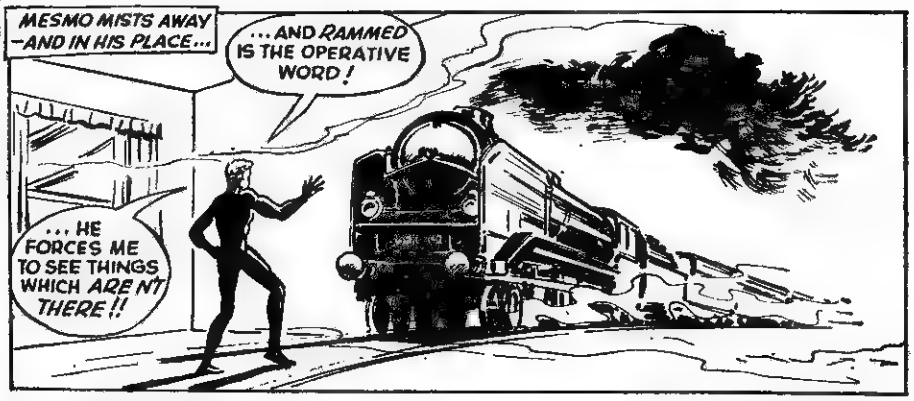
WELL DONE, CHARLIE! THERE'S A REWARD FOR THIS BLOKE- COME ALONG TO THE STATION AND COLLECT IT!
AND SO, LATER...

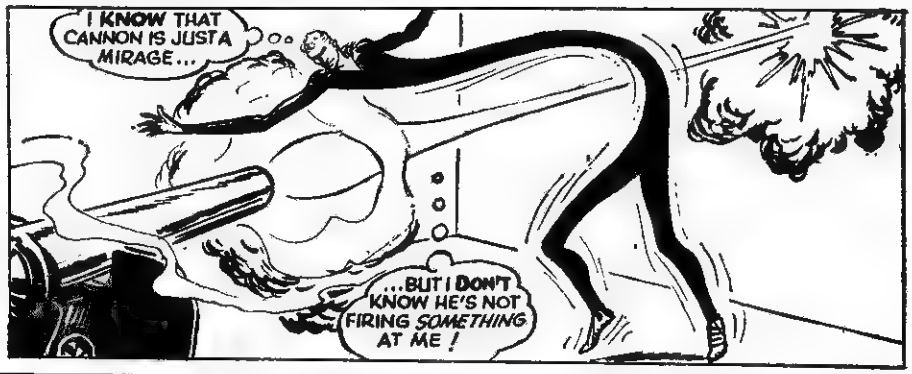
CANDY STORES
YAHOO! WE'VE GOT LOTS OF LOVELY LOLLY – TO THE SWEET SHOP!
WOOF! WOOF!

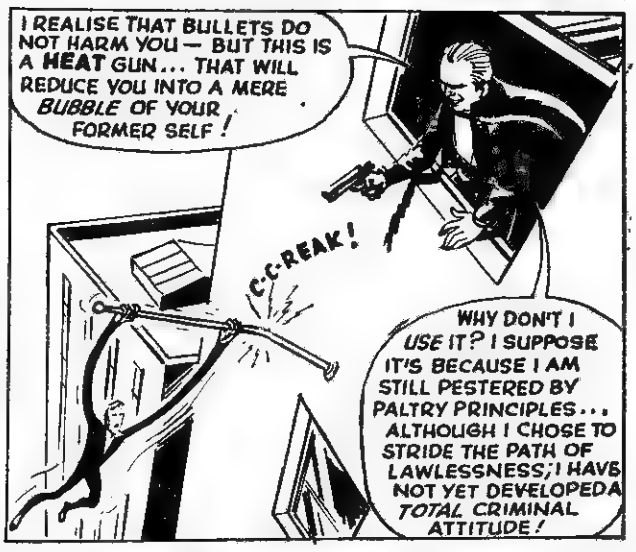
AH, WELL! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!
WOOF! YEAH! WOOF! SLURP!

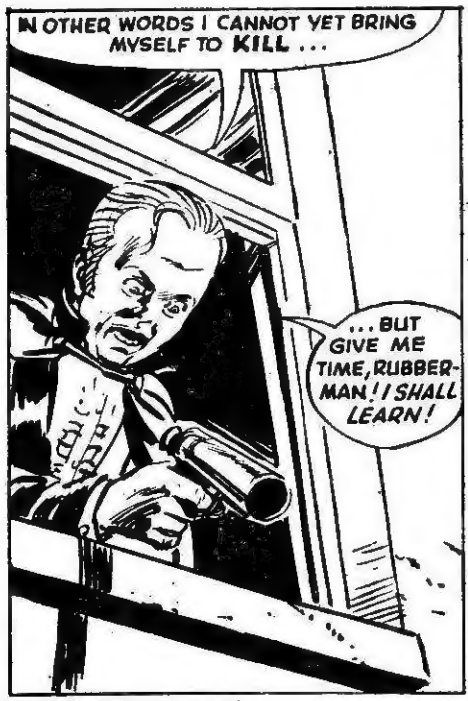
IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

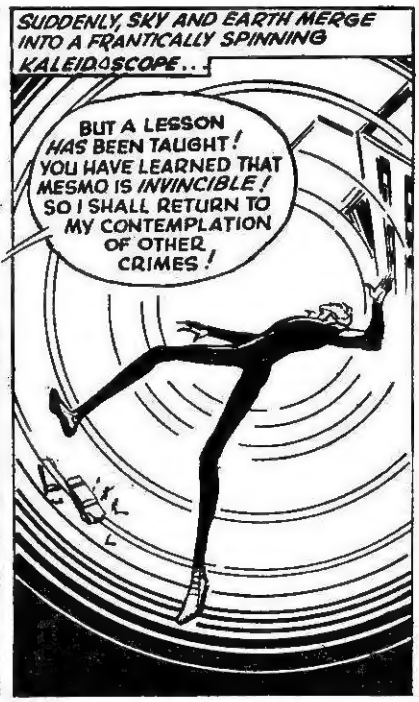
A MIDGET-SIZED HYPNOTIST CALLED **MESMO** IS USING INCREDIBLE POWERS OF MASS-SUGGESTION TO EMBARK ON A LIFE OF **CRIME!** RUBBERMAN AND SAM ARE CALLED IN TO CATCH HIM—BUT NOW IT SEEMS THAT THE MIGHTY MAN OF RUBBER HAS MET HIS MATCH...








IN OTHER WORDS I CANNOT YET BRING MYSELF TO KILL ...
... BUT GIVE ME TIME, RUBBERMAN! I SHALL LEARN!


SUDDENLY, SKY AND EARTH MERGE INTO A FRANTICALLY SPINNING KALEIDOSCOPE...
BUT A LESSON HAS BEEN TAUGHT! YOU HAVE LEARNED THAT MESMO IS INVINCIBLE! SO I SHALL RETURN TO MY CONTEMPLATION OF OTHER CRIMES!

WHEN THE WORLD STOPS SPINNING...
DID YOU SEE? WHEN HE FELL... HE B-BOUNCED AND BOUNCED... JUST LIKE A RUBBER BALL!
RUBBERMAN! SPEAK TO ME, MY POOR FRIEND ... SAY SOME-THING!
HOW ABOUT... PPHHHWW!

BACK IN THE OFFICE...
SO IT WAS MESMO... NOT A GORILLA! THE SKUNK — HE MADE ME LOOK LIKE A SCARED RABBIT...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN... LOOK LIKE? LET'S FACE IT... HE SCARED US BOTH!!

SAMUEL... WE'VE GOT TO START USING OUR BRAINS! WE MUST WORK UPON HIS ONLY WEAK-NESS... HIS COLOSSAL VANITY!
IS THAT HIS ONLY WEAK-NESS? PARDON ME IF I DON'T JUMP FOR THE SHEER JOY OF RELIEF!

MIDNIGHT: IN THE NIGHT-SHROUDED CITY, AWAY FROM THE BRIGHT LIGHTS OF THE MAIN STREETS.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, RUBBERMAN ... WHY HAVE YOU FILLED YOUR BRIEF-CASE WITH OLD NEWSPAPERS..? AND W... WHERE ARE WE MAKING FOR?
I TOLD YOU, SAM... WE'RE JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

AND IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD ONE DOES NOT HAVE TO LOOK VERY LONG FOR TROUBLE...
THAT'S WHAT I DON'T UNDER-STAND! HAVEN'T WE GOT TROUBLE ENOUGH?
THIS IS GOING TO BE EASY, LADS! JUST TWO BLOKES... AN' ONE BULGING BRIEFCASE! COME ON — LET'S GET 'EM!

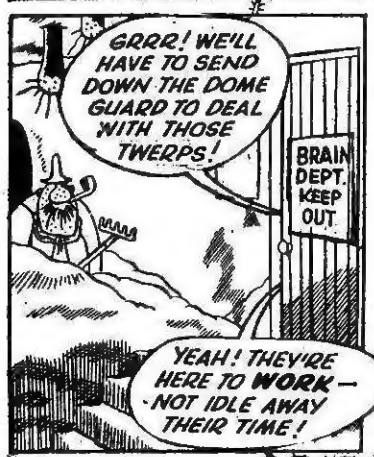
AND SO, IN THIS UNPROUD SECTION OF THE CITY, THE SLEEP-MEANT SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THUDDING FISTS, GASPS ... AND ONE WAIL OF ALARMED CONFUSION...
EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT FINE! THIS IS GREAT, SAM — GREAT!
G-GREAT?? I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
IT'S ALL-ACTION WITH THE MAN OF RUBBER NEXT WEEK — SO BE HERE, TIGER!

THE NERVS

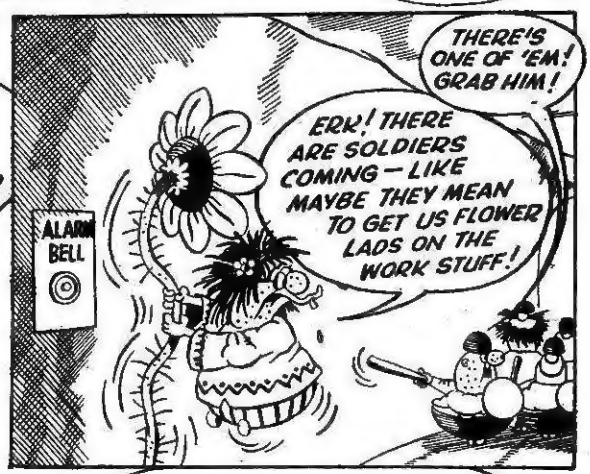
EEK! I CAN'T MOVE MY LEGS! — I CAN'T GET AT ALL THAT LOVELY GRUB ON THE TABLE! — WAAH!!

MUM! DON'T BE ROTTEN! HELP ME!
DELICIOUS M'MM! — M'MM!

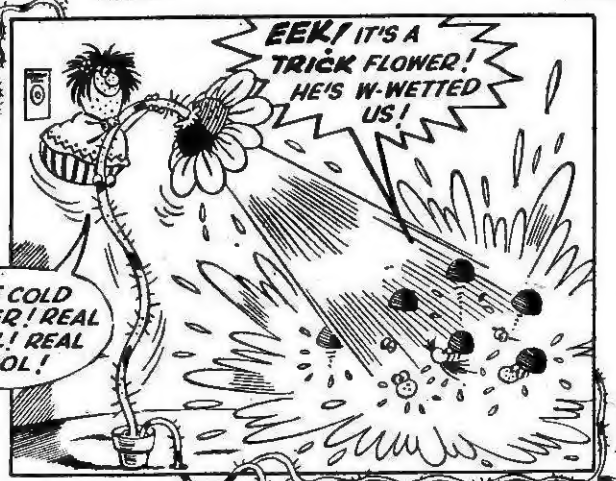
FATTY DOES NOT KNOW IT — BUT IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF HIS HIP NERVS...
HEH! HEH! WE'VE GONE ALL HIPPY!
YEAH! AND THAT MEANS NO MORE WORK FOR US! FATTY'S HAD IT!


GRRR! WE'LL HAVE TO SEND DOWN THE DOME GUARD TO DEAL WITH THOSE TWERPS!
BRAIN DEPT. KEEP OUT
YEAH! THEY'RE HERE TO WORK — NOT IDLE AWAY THEIR TIME!

HERE COMES THE DOME GUARD! TA-RAH!!
RIGHT, LADS — LET'S SORT OUT THOSE HIPPIES!
YEAH! FATTY'S TOO BIG A LUMP FOR US TO MOVE AROUND IF THEY DON'T PULL THEIR WEIGHT!

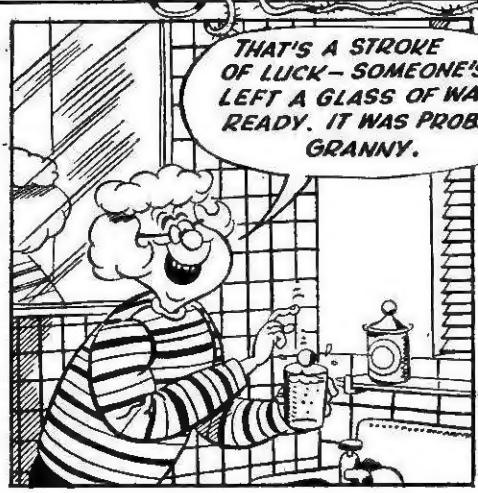

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM! GRAB HIM!
ERK! THERE ARE SOLDIERS COMING — LIKE MAYBE THEY MEAN TO GET US FLOWER LADS ON THE WORK STUFF!
ALARM BELL

WATCH THIS FOR A CRAZY CAPER, MAN!
ALARM BELL
ICE COLD WATER! REAL COOL! REAL COOL!

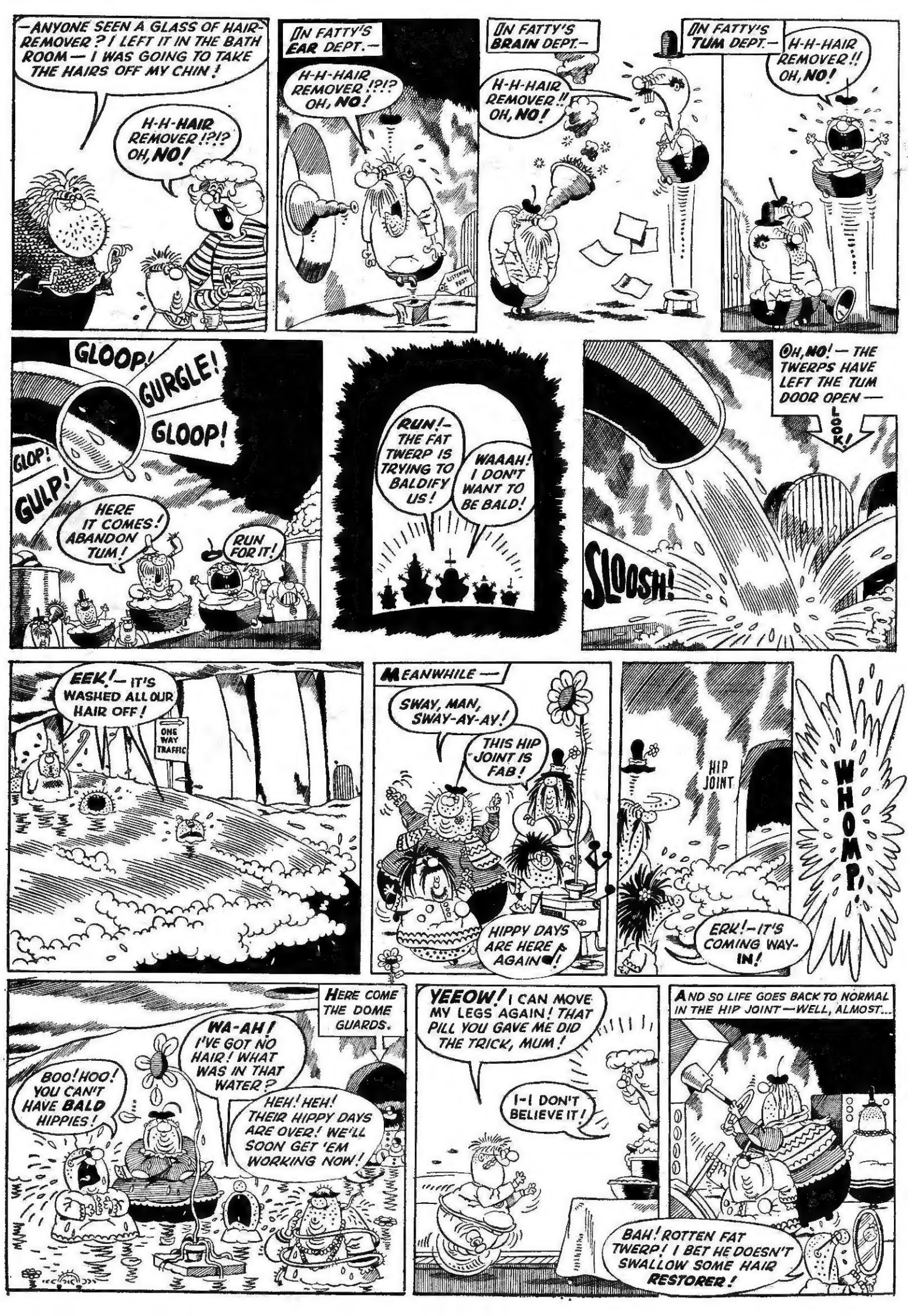

EEK! IT'S A TRICK FLOWER! HE'S W-WETTED US!

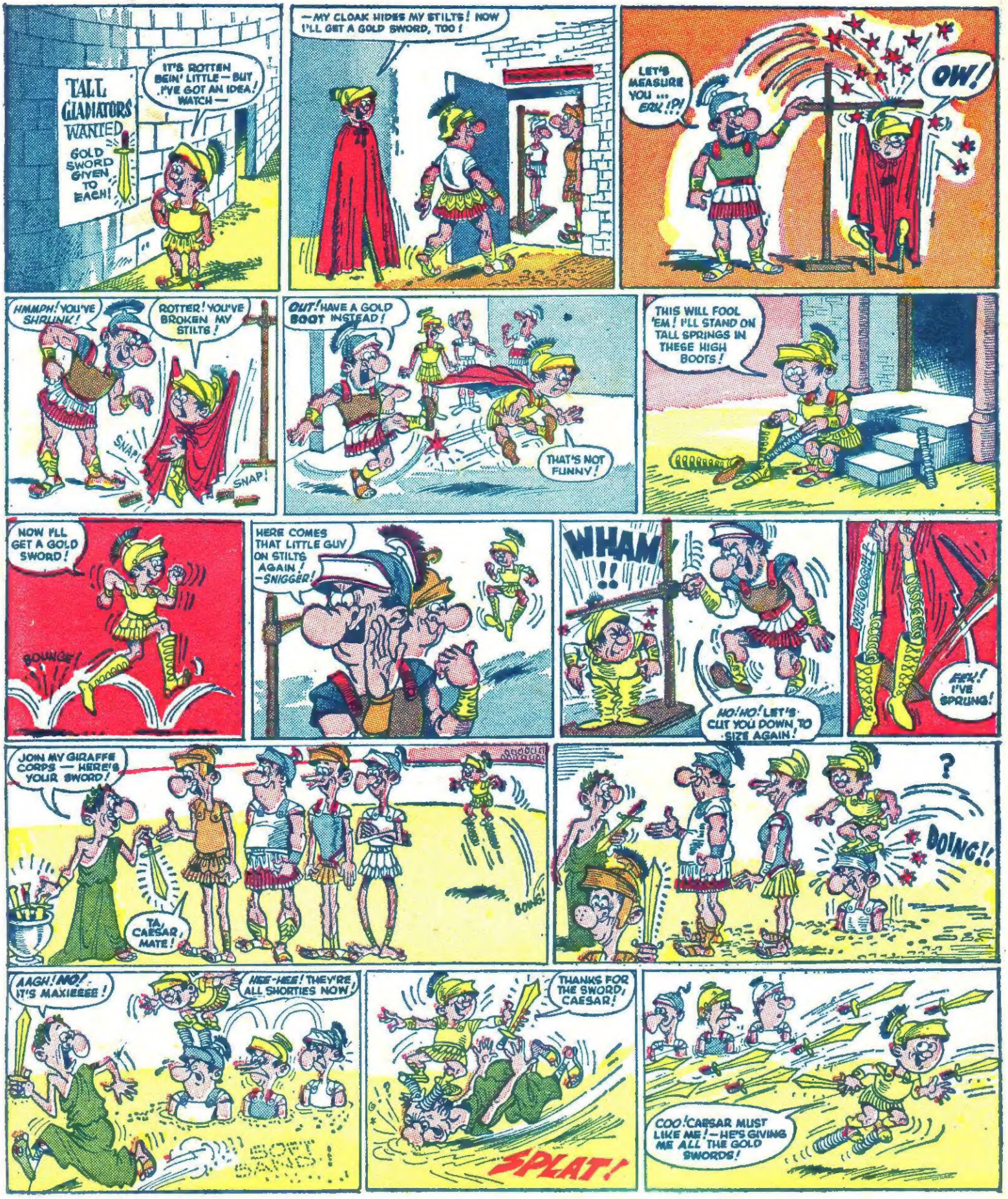
COO! I'VE HEARD OF WATER ON THE KNEE — BUT IT LOOKS AS IF YOU'VE GOT WATER ON THE HIP, LAD!
GRR! DON'T BE SILLY — I MUST BE SWEATING! DON'T JUST STAND THERE — HELP ME!
PLOP!

I'LL GIVE HIM A TRANQUILLISER — IT'S PROBABLY ONLY NERVES! *
* FOR ONCE MUM IS DEAD RIGHT — EVEN IF SHE CAN'T SPELL!


THAT'S A STROKE OF LUCK — SOMEONE'S LEFT A GLASS OF WATER READY. IT WAS PROBABLY GRANNY.

I HOPE THAT DOES THE TRICK!
GLUP! GLUG!


—ANYONE SEEN A GLASS OF HAIR-REMOVER? I LEFT IT IN THE BATH ROOM — I WAS GOING TO TAKE THE HAIRS OFF MY CHIN!
H-H-HAIR REMOVER!?!? OH, NO!
ON FATTY'S EAR DEPT.—
H-H-HAIR REMOVER!?!? OH, NO!
LISTENING POST
ON FATTY'S BRAIN DEPT.—
H-H-HAIR REMOVER!! OH, NO!
ON FATTY'S TUM DEPT.—
H-H-HAIR REMOVER!! OH, NO!
GLOOP!
GURGLE!
GLOOP!
GLOP!
GULP!
HERE IT COMES! ABANDON TUM!
RUN FOR IT!
RUN!—THE FAT TWERP IS TRYING TO BALDIFY US!
WAAAH! I DON'T WANT TO BE BALD!
OH, NO! — THE TWERPS HAVE LEFT THE TUM DOOR OPEN —
LOOK!
SLOOSH!
EEK!— IT'S WASHED ALL OUR HAIR OFF!
ONE WAY TRAFFIC
MEANWHILE —
SWAY, MAN, SWAY-AY-AY!
THIS HIP JOINT IS FAB!
HIPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!
HIP JOINT
WHOMP!
ERK!—IT'S COMING WAY-IN!
HERE COME THE DOME GUARDS.
WA-AH! I'VE GOT NO HAIR! WHAT WAS IN THAT WATER?
BOO! HOO! YOU CAN'T HAVE BALD HIPPIES!
HEH! HEH! THEIR HIPPY DAYS ARE OVER! WE'LL SOON GET 'EM WORKING NOW!
YEEOW! I CAN MOVE MY LEGS AGAIN! THAT PILL YOU GAVE ME DID THE TRICK, MUM!
I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
AND SO LIFE GOES BACK TO NORMAL IN THE HIP JOINT — WELL, ALMOST...
BAH! ROTTEN FAT TWERP! I BET HE DOESN'T SWALLOW SOME HAIR RESTORER!

MINI-MAXIE!

APPRENTICE GLADIATOR